

ROLLING STONE

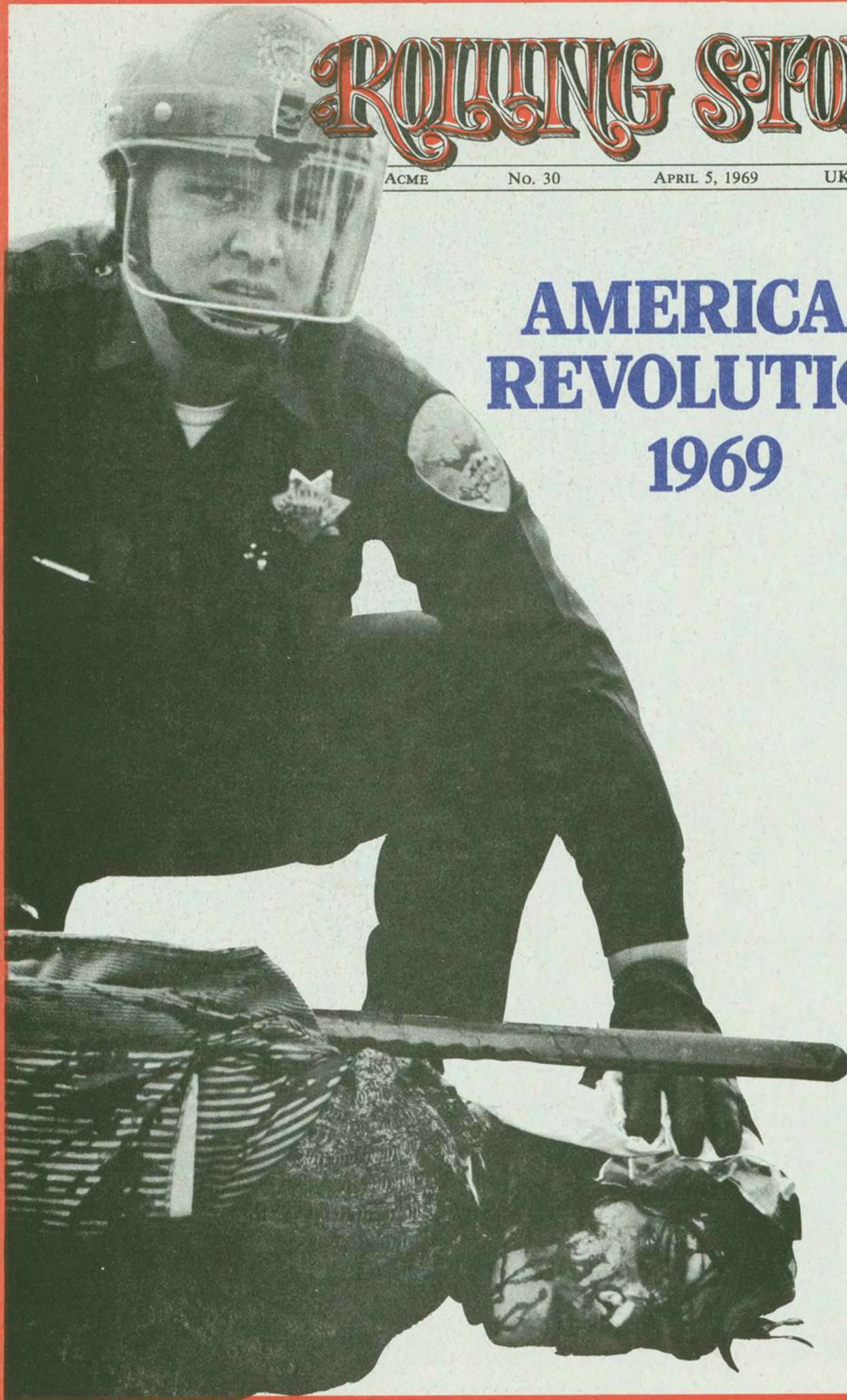
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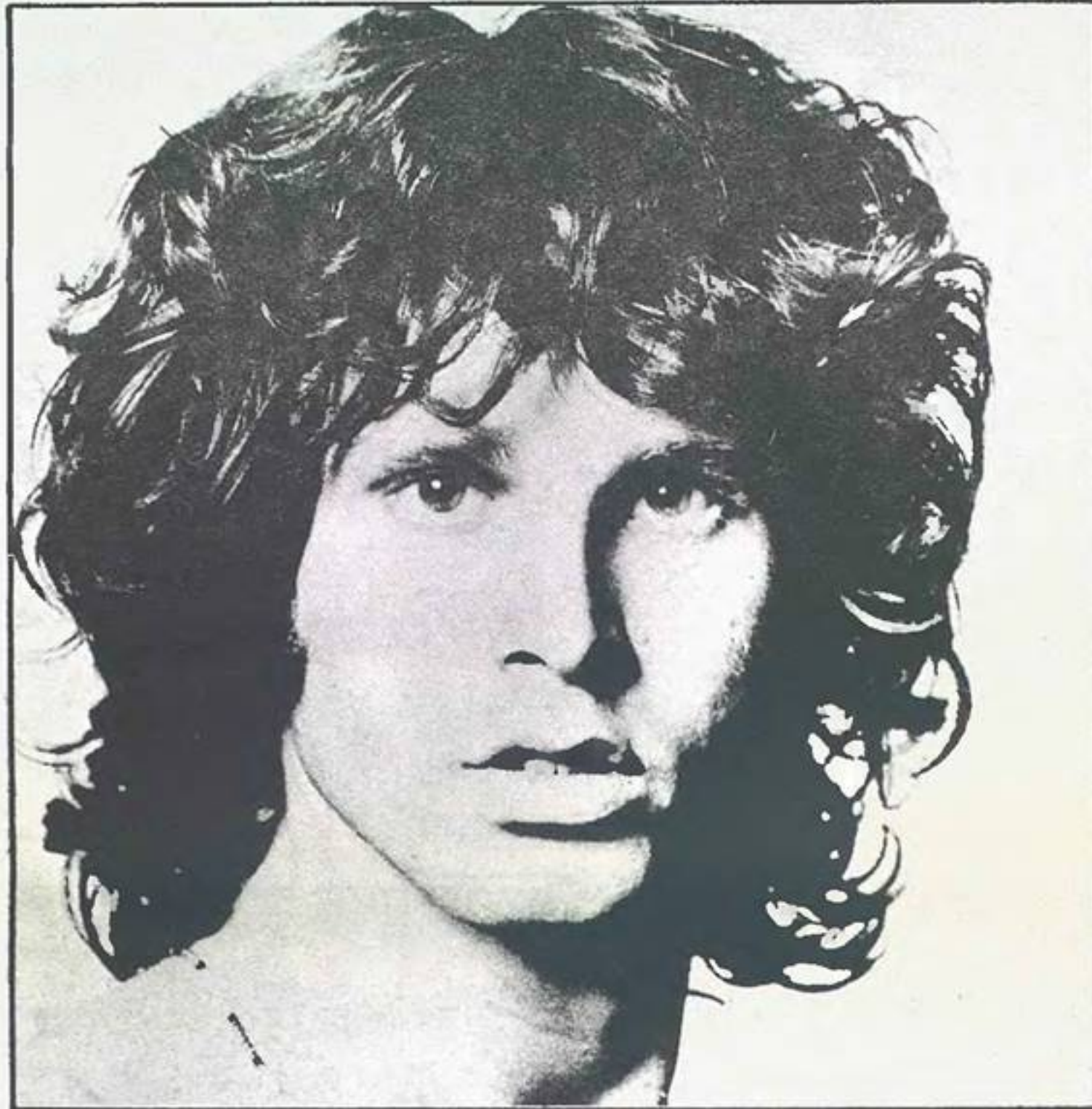
APRIL 5, 1969

UK: 3/6 35 CENTS

AMERICAN REVOLUTION 1969



WANTED



IN THE COUNTY OF DADE

For: Lewd and Lascivious Behavior in Public
by Exposing His Private Parts and by Simulating
Masturbation and Oral Copulation, A Felony.

'UH-OH, I THINK I EXPOSED MYSELF OUT THERE'

BY JOHN BURKS

MIAMI — Jim Morrison, the Doors' cataclysmic, electroplastic lead singer, finally let it all hang out at a March 2nd concert in Miami, Florida, and in the outraged aftermath became the object of six arrest warrants, including one for a felony charge of "Lewd and lascivious behavior in public by exposing his private parts and by simulating masturbation and oral copulation."

The five other warrants are for misdemeanor charges on two counts of indecent exposure, two counts of open public profanity and one of public drunkenness. The total maximum sentence the 25-year-old Morrison could get would be three years and 150 days at Raiford State Penitentiary, one of the tougher state pens in the South.

And judging by local sentiment in Dade County, it's likely they'll throw the book at him. "They'd crucify him if they could, they're so worked up," said Larry

Mahoney of the Miami Herald, the reporter who's done most of Herald's reportage which has served to work everybody up.

A complicating factor for "The King of Orgasmic Rock" (as the Miami Herald labels Morrison) is that the felony charge makes him liable to arrest and extradition anywhere in the U. S. He and the rest of the Doors are presently vacationing in the Bahamas, each on his own island, and it will be interesting to see what happens when they try bringing it all back home again.

Exactly what depths of lewdness, lasciviousness, depravity and creepiness did Morrison descend to that the full wrath of Dade County and the State of Florida should be visited upon him?

Accounts vary. Morrison (still sunning himself outside the country) is unavailable for comment. Doors' manager Bill Siddons, in Los Angeles, passed the incident off as a mere nothing, "just

another dirty Doors show. It didn't seem to be too big a deal," he added, "until the police chief took it on as his crusade."

Siddons acknowledged that the typical Doors rap had passed from the lips of Morrison: "You know, shitfuckpiss and the rest of them." But there had been no onstage penis exposure, Siddons said. "I mean," the manager explained, "no one in the group saw him do it. Morrison said he did it, but not onstage. Like he had been tucking in his shirt or something and he might have slipped a little. But offstage."

The Miami police, meanwhile, subpoenaed Miami Herald photos of the concert, and it is on the basis of these, they say, that exposure charges were placed. A further problem with the tucking-in-his-shirt explanations is that Morrison had (by most accounts of the concert) already taken off his shirt by the time the incidents in question transpired.

And Siddons does recall that as Morrison left the stage, he said something like, "Uh-oh—I think I exposed myself." Nonetheless, Siddons discounts any claims that Morrison was trying to start a riot. "We had seen the Living Theater the night before, you know, and Jim copped a few lines. He said some things like 'Why don't we have a revolution here?' and things like that—but that's not inciting to riot."

Ken Collier, proprietor of the Miami rock dance hall Thee Image, who was one of the promoters of the Dinner Key Auditorium concert, was contacted to give his description of the event. "He was obscene, no question about it," said Collier's wife before he came to the phone. "You could say he was trying to incite a riot and not get much argument from me. He was saying 'Let's have a good time, let's have a revolution, everybody come up onstage.'"

Then Collier himself described how
—Continued on Page 6

Last night, this man scored.



Too few of you heard about it. To most of you, the face of this man is still a mystery. His voice, too. And that we count as a major tragedy, even in these tragic'd up times.

We suspect, however, that so far you don't give a spit. We take another tack:

MAY WE APPEAL TO YOUR BASIC INSTINCTS?

We thought so.

Astral Weeks is very erotic stuff. Its *Beside You* song, for instance, makes *The 1812* sound like 1362 (in which year, some of you may recall, happened not one damn thing, erotic or otherwise). *Beside You* will attack your senses like the sudden sniff of a whore's underwear.

For instance, *Madame George*. A nine-minute song about a man dressed in drag. Sitting in the corner. Playing dominos. Sitting on a sofa, playing games of chance. You glance into his eyes.

For instance, *Cypress Avenue*. About a lonely man watching all the little girls on their way back home from school. This lonely man,

and they're so young, and so bold. So 14 years old.

Last night somewhere, Van Morrison sang these songs. With them, he scored with an

audience who didn't expect half that much.

Who's Van? Van was the generative force behind the celebrated English group THEM. And Van is the one who wrote "Gloria." And Van was the maker of "Brown-Eyed Girl." Yes, *that* Van Morrison.

Last night, Van Morrison helped rock-and-roll grow a little more. Maybe not you, but last night *some* people got dressed, got in the car, paid some bucks for tickets, sat in some audience for two hours, missed *Mayberry*, *RFD*.

All that to hear Van Morrison score.

Now, thanks to miracle phonograph records, Van Morrison can score in the privacy of your own home.

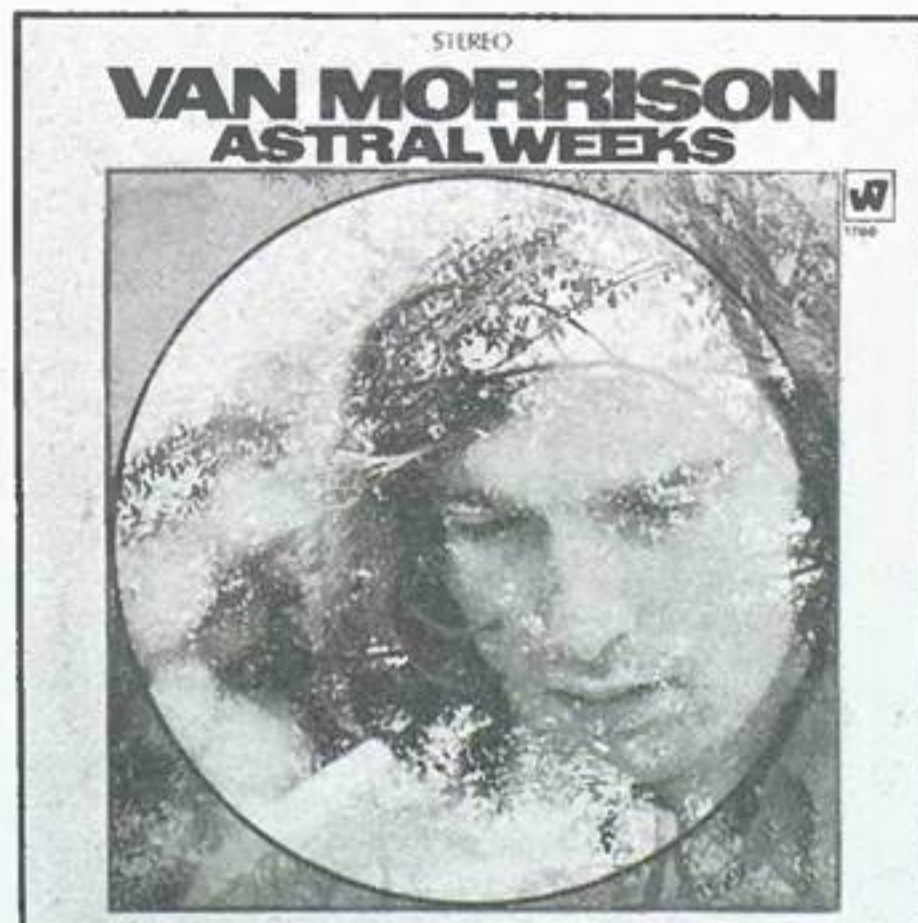
HOW YOU CAN SCORE

Van Morrison is not for you if, in your opinion, *Spanky And Our Gang* are the heaviest.

Van Morrison is for the some of you who like songmen who hit home runs, most every time.

Eight home runs: *Astral Weeks*.

With it, you can hear Van Morrison score. Nightly.



"A unique and timeless album."

— Rolling Stone





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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

With reference to your article "Fillmore vs. the East Village": What a load of petty second-rate bullshit! Two fucking pages devoted to some hassle over a pissy theatre when you could have used this space, precious space, for something more urgent!

Your people, my people—our people are being imprisoned for having long hair, anti-government thoughts and views. We hear reports of people being grabbed off the streets by the "gestapo fuzz" ("pigs"—call them what you will). What about Benjamin Spock? Jerry Rubin, Huey Newton, the forced exile of Eldridge Cleaver? And many more?

While you are pissing around—when I say you, I mean everybody cool from the 49th parallel to the Mex border and beyond—more of your friends are being beaten up and imprisoned on some bullshit charge. Please do something now—before it's too late.

DON GRIFFITH (ARAGON THE BLACK)
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

SIRS:

Re: "Japanese Rock" in the March 1 issue—do you have a Tokyo (or somewhere) address where I can write to Hiroshi Kamayatsu of the Spiders? Wow!!!

FAITHFUL FEMALE SUBSCRIBER
HOUSTON, TEXAS

SIR:

Every issue without a doubt has some statement about the uptight, torn down rock or roll scene in New York. Well it's interesting that's the way most people pick it up. New York has in fact the tightest and definitely the heaviest scene in the world.

The groups here have got to know something to play here. This is where it all started so few light years ago. Dylan on MacDougal Street, Butterfield around the corner, the Spoonfull, Hendrix, they all happened here. They became international stars because they could hack New York.

New York's the Big Apple, bub, the heaviest scene in the world and now it's evolved into a "Super scene." Amazing-

ly tight and together. The Groupies in New York are the hip enough not to be elsewhere if you get my far out meaning. Please, an essay on New York.

FLY PAPER
NEW YORK

SIRS:

I found Time Magazine's rehash of your brilliant thing on the Groupies only less than amusingly useless and nothing more.

ALLAN BESLY
QUEBEC, CANADA

SIRS:

Farmers of America will be interested in an article in the March '69 issue of Reader's Digest (?). Really! It is a report on the advantages of indoor gardening, using fluorescent lighting.

If you have a back room available or even an out-of-the-way closet, you can grow lovely, healthy plants (and flowers even) in your own home—away from the prying eyes of inquisitive neighbors. All you need is a fluorescent light fixture (borrowed, perhaps, from your black-light) and a \$2.50 "grow-light" bulb, readily available at Montgomery Ward's for example.

It would also be advantageous to have a rather large planter. In the absence of a formal planter, an unused drawer filled with soil will do nicely.

The fluorescent bulb will provide all the "sunlight" needed to grow luxurious, green foliage and sturdy stems. A little plant food and daily watering will provide you with a lovely indoor garden and perhaps a small income. So let's all rally 'round and grow our own!

JEAN WALDO
REDWOOD CITY, CALIF.

SIRS:

I'm amazed that Steve Russell drew such an accurate picture of John Gabree from having read his book.

Everyone changes in some ways, and I was truly shocked the first time I saw an article on rock and roll by John. When I knew him in college in '63-'64, he was majoring in history and planning to go to law school. Something must

have changed to put him where he is now, but whatever it was mustn't have affected his personality much.

He considered himself an intellectual back then but was so terribly opinionated as to close his mind. He had some great opinions—something about the mating of the most intelligent men with the most intelligent women to breed intelligent children, who would be reared and educated entirely by the government to produce wonderful super-leaders, being one of them.

I'm not surprised that John can so easily dismiss the L.A. rock scene. He had that easy contempt for Southern Californians that I often encountered while at that ridiculous Ivy League institution for higher ignorance we went to.

Basically, what I want to say about John is that, when I knew him, he was such a closed-up, impatient person that it's unimaginable that he's associated himself with something as free and beautiful as music. That he has, though, is a good sign, and might mean that eventually he'll loosen his mind enough to write something worthy of his very able brain.

P.S.—The Cowsills used to play fraternity parties when we were in college, so maybe John's just a little prejudiced because he knew them when?

VICKI BACON
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

SIRS:

Last July 20 you did a review on the Creedence Clearwater Revival. I read it and decided not to buy it because you said it was pretty awful. Then in November I finally heard the record, I was really surprised when I asked who was singing and my friend told me Creedence Clearwater. When I heard "Ninety-Nine and a Half" on acid it blew my mind!

Yesterday I bought the album, played it and read your review again. Gifford is full of shit and if he really believes what he wrote he should go to Bellvue for awhile. This isn't the first time you guys have blown it in a review. (Remember Cheap Thrills?) Your magazine is really groovy, just quit reviewing records.

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Random Notes

Johnny Cash! will head his own! one-hour summer TV show! to feature top pop, rock and folk performers! more than likely to feature his friend Bob! to start in May! on ABC! Tune in!!

So Steve Winwood left Traffic and Traffic revived itself by adding Wynder K. Frog on organ and changing its name to Mason, Capaldi, Wood & Frog, a name so long as to make every two-finger rock and roll journalist shudder for fear Something Big would come of them. We have stopped shuddering. After just 60 days of existence, Mason, Capaldi—you know, *that* band—has disbanded out of frustration with the British pop scene and because Dave Mason intends to come to the U.S. as a record producer and session musician. M, C, W & F played their last gig in early March before doing the splits.

Rock and roll sometimes takes on aspects of one prolonged riddle. The answer (to the riddle, who is L'Angelo Misterioso who plays rhythm guitar on "Badge" on the Cream's *Goodbye LP*?) is George Harrison. Harrison and Eric Clapton co-wrote the number, and there's more to it than first meets the ear. "That one sort of happened over a period of time between Eric and George," Jack Bruce told a reporter from *New Musical Express*, the British pop paper. "We messed around with it a bit in the studio, speeded up the voices and played it backwards. The lyrics are very interesting if you can fathom them out. They are very dark and devious with hidden meanings but you'd have to ask Eric about that." Another riddle. But there's no mystery as to why Bruce likes the *Goodbye* album: "It reminds me of what it was like to be a star."

The Monkees are recording in Los Angeles (really getting down to the nitty gritty, Mike Nesmith says) minus Peter Tork (his leaving brought us closer together, Nesmith says), but with Donovan in the studios watching what's going down. They'll do a new Donovan number called "Valentine Angel" for their next album, and that's something.

Meeting of the Twain Department: (1) Jimi Hendrix has just rented a house in London that once belonged to the eighteenth-century composer, Georg Friedrich Handel. Said Hendrix: "I didn't know this was Handel's pad, man, until after I had moved in. To tell you the truth, I haven't heard much of his stuff. But I do dig a bit of Bach now and then."

Everybody's talking about how stale and static the ballroom thing has become: you pays your money, you sees the same light show as last week, three bands in a row, one after the other, nobody dances, and, uh, it's time to go home. Jimi Hendrix is at least talking about doing it another way—specifically, outdoor concerts where people can do whatever they like, including taking off their clothes.

"I want to do it in the summer, a free thing at Hyde Park," he told a British reporter. "It's not the idea of people coming and taking all their clothes off, it's just that they can if they want to. They can feel free . . . Today there's too much hang-up on clothes. Clothes are okay to express yourself, you can wear bright clothes if you want. But the human body is the most beautiful thing, it shouldn't be kept covered."

Have you ever seen Dick naked? Dick Nixon. When a Minneapolis cop saw him and the First Lady bareass staring out the window of a head shop near the University of Minnesota—on a poster—he confiscated all copies of the offensive material and took it down to the station house. The pen-and-ink poster is a take-off on the John-Yoko number, but the fuzz was not amused. "If the owner of this place wants to put it on his wall," said the cop, "that's one thing. But to put it in the window where the public passing by outside sees it—that's another." The President and Mrs. Nixon must be pretty disgusting *au naturel*. The authorities are contemplating charges against the Electric Fetus, the head shop

in question. Fetus owner Dan Foley was reminded of the Gestapo, but it didn't hurt business any. The poster had been moving slowly before the bust; but afterward he sold out and has since re-ordered.

Ringo is working on a movie again—the first un-Beatle movie where he's co-starred—with Peter Sellers. It's *The Magic Christian* from the book of the same name by Terry Southern, who wrote *Candy*. In many ways, *The Magic Christian* is the funnier book—it deals with an enormously wealthy gentleman named Guy Grand, of whom everybody always says "grand guy, Guy Grand," who uses his vast resources and diabolic imagination to fuck up peoples' lives with cash on the line. Since it deals with money instead of sex, the censors will have little interest. What you do with your money is your business, right? Sellers will likely play Guy Grand, with Ringo as his stepson.

"There are personal differences between us. But the public isn't interested in personal differences, and we each overlook these things because we value our act. The pressure of life is pretty high with us." The only time they have anything to do with one another is when they're working. Who? Sam and Dave (Sam talking above), whose act would seem to indicate every kind of brotherhood and unity. But no. They've worked together for eight years and now they don't talk to—or about—each other.

Now what most people do if they have 14 hours of unedited film, is they cut it down to, say, two or three hours, and start showing it around. Not Frank Zappa.

Mr. Zappa is taking all 14 hours of *Uncle Meat*, the documentary about his Mothers of Invention, and booking it into the New Yorker Theater in Manhattan (in April). Soundtrack for the unfinished film will be the Mothers' four albums played over and over and over again.

And . . . when you enter the theater you will be given a ticket marked with the time of your arrival. As you leave, the ticket is marked again (just like in a parking lot) and you pay according to how much you've been able to take—50 cents an hour, \$3 top.

The film, in edited and unedited forms, will be distributed by Paradigm, the outfit currently handling *David Holzman's Diary*.

While the Marijuana Free Classified in our March 1 issue was a hoax—a surprising number of our readers thought otherwise and some even tried to place their orders for keys—real-life utilization of Classifieds for dealing drugs is not without precedent. Last fall this ad was placed in the Boston Globe classified section: "Kilos for sale. Call 841-5369."

The dealer (we'll call him Lord Balls) not only sold his bricks, but (since the Man didn't think of letting his fingers do the busting in the Classifieds) he was not found out.

All right fans: if you dig those long drum solos, you can go listen to a drummer named Pulse who plays a half-hour set with *no accompanists*. That might sound like too much, but he varies his improvisations on amplified bongos and tuned congas with tape-loop effects, a theremin for space music sounds, and colored lights. The end of his set features an impressive strobe light operated by his drumming, which has most of the audience either leaping up to applaud or too zapped out to function. Pulse has been appearing mostly in California and Hawaii, but he might show up at your local stadium in June with the Doors (depending on how that hassle works out).

Signings & Releases & Goings On . . . Brunswick has signed Aretha's soul-singing sister, Erma Franklin, who did the original, pre-Janis "Piece of My Heart" . . . Veteran jazz saxophonist Sonny Stitt signed with Stax/Volt and has released a single ("Private Number"/"Heads or Tails"), backed by a soul rhythm sec-

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LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Preceding Page

It's not your bag. Who are you to say what is good and what is bad?

To begin with *Creedence Clearwater* is worth buying just to hear John Fogerty do "Ninety-Nine and a Half." "Porterville" is a groove and I'll take Fogerty's spell over Eric Burdon's *Sky Pilot*'s spell any day. The only point I can agree with you on is the drummer is fucked. In "Suzy Q" he is particularly monotonous. But Ginger Baker isn't exactly thrilling in "Toad" either. That isn't any reason to assume the whole group is bad.

How can you even compare C. C. with groups like the Airplane, Dead, Grape, and Quicksilver? Their music doesn't fit in with the style of any of these groups. I think Quicksilver is great but what's so good about the Airplane? and Grape???? Their last albums haven't been anything fantastic! Seriously can you see Airplane, Grape or Dead or even Quicksilver doing "Nine-Nine and a Half" and bringing it off even slightly believable. They would fall on there asses just as Creedence Clearwater couldn't bring off "Dino's Song" or "White Rabbit" either.

I wonder how many other unsuspecting people got taken in by your review to. I'm going to pray nobody was.

CAROL THOMPSON
HIGHLAND PARK, CALIF.

P.S.—Tell Barry Gifford to take the review enclosed and put it where it belongs, up his ass where his head must be too.

You're right!—Editor

SIRS:

Jon Landau's review on the new Blood, Sweat and Tears album is extremely unfair. I consider their new group a vast improvement over the last, and one of the best new groups to come out in a long while.

As for the personnel: Mr. Landau states the only good points are lead vocalist David Clayton-Thomas and bassist Jim Fielder. Dick Halligan and Fred Lipsius are both geniuses, and Halligan was writing symphonies at an early age. All of the personnel are first class musicians, and as for his comment on Bobby Colomby's "overdubbing," the spots where he shows his talent are far from overdone. All of the horn players are excellent, and Lew Soloff is an especially good jazz trumpet player.

Landau's review on "Smiling Phases" is very unfair, because I think Blood, Sweat and Tears' version is so much fuller sounding than Traffic's. The horns are what make it.

In my opinion this album is completely undeserving of his type of criti-

cism. It is one of the most creative pieces of music to come out in a long time. It seems music today is going more to jazz and farther from rock (Traffic while together, Jethro Tull, etc.) and Blood, Sweat and Tears have taken a giant step in this direction.

Mr. Landau: go back to Iron Butterfly where you belong.

JEFF THOMPSON
COSTA MESA, CALIF.

SIRS:

If the readers and editors of *ROLLING STONE* are as socially hip as their paper indicates, they should demand that Johnny Winter donate a large portion of his fantastic \$300,000 advance to some of the great blues musicians without whom he wouldn't exist.

No more intellectual bull shitting either about the influences great artists cast upon each other. No writer could imitate Joyce, Lawrence and Malcolm Lowry as closely as Winter copies his idols, and get away with it. And even if Kenneth Noland copied Francis Bacon (a ridiculous proposition, but then so are most rock—traditional art parallels), fact No. 1 would remain: they're both white.

Back in the Fifties, Dot's emasculated copies of Little Richard, Fats Domino, Smiley Lewis, et al. outsold the originals, but eventually the cream rose to the top. Now look at any recent charts—Butterfield, Bloomfield, Mayall, etc., have not been dragging great young bluesmen like Otis Rush or Earl Hooker along with them. Janis Joplin's caterwauling hasn't enriched the greatest female blues singer Big Maybelle one penny much less helping the gospel singers who can outsing them all. B. B. and Albert King are exceptions that prove the rule.

The white blues defendants call for "aesthetic sharing" of "universal emotions," but theirs is the kind of integration that turns militants into separatists.

If the underground remains acquiescent and self-congratulatory about Winter's advance, they forfeit all claim to political or aesthetic radicalism. This is your music, it's also your society.

TONY HEILBUT
NEW YORK, N.Y.

SIRS:

March 15th issue, Random Notes, "Odious, really, the idea of super groups; it smacks of Hitler."

Really, now, what are you afraid of? The Buddha said that if you can't spend your time with your equals or your betters, you should spend it alone.

BILL FREEMAN
SAN FRANCISCO

"NEAR THE BEGINNING"
there was
VANILLA FUDGE



Shotgun · Some Velvet Morning · Where Is Happiness
Break Song (recorded live at the Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles)

...on Atco Records



LIZARD KING

Jim Morrison Pulls a Fast One

—Continued from Page One

the capacity crowd of 10,000 (who'd paid \$6 and \$7) had gotten worked up to a very excitable pitch by Morrison's "hypnotic but musically very mediocre" performance. The band had played for about an hour, with Morrison singing bits of this, then that, the audience shouting for "Light My Fire," Morrison ignoring that request, exhorting them increasingly with each new song.

Late in the session, Morrison whipped off his shirt and began to pull out all the stops. At one point, according to Collier, Morrison was asking, "Do you wanna touch me?" Then it became a command: "Come up and touch me." At another point Morrison was pouring champagne over his own head. "He was really drunk; he's a big drinker," Collier says.

Then, just before the stage filled up with about 60 people, Morrison asked, "Do you wanna see my cock?" according to Collier; and this was when Collier went into action, grabbing the microphone away from the singer, flashing the two-finger peace and victory sign at the audience and saying: "Keep calm, sit down, keep quiet, peace, this can't happen in Miami, we're not going to have this in Miami, sit down..."

While Collier was rapping, Morrison was in action, pushing people around the stage, bellowing, and acting as if he were masturbating, Collier recounts; but Collier did not see Morrison liberate his penis, he stresses. Other observers told Collier that Morrison had exposed himself, but Collier himself missed it.

Between shoving matches, Morrison would grab the mike and shout out more about revolution. But the rest of the band, organist Ray Manzarek, guitarist Rob Krieger and drummer John Densmore, were playing at such ear-bending volume and intensity that little could be heard of the rap.

There was some more tug-of-war with the microphone, then Morrison went one way, shoving more people around, and Collier went the other, ripping out amplifier cords ("the lead guitar was mesmerizing the audience") and kicking in drumheads to silence the music.

Morrison managed to push Collier's brother off the stage into the audience, according to Collier. Then the vinyl-trousered singer made the mistake of hitting on a colleague of Collier's named Larry Pizzi who holds a black belt in karate. As soon as Pizzi felt the rock-singer grab at him from behind, he grabbed Morrison by the arms and flipped him head over heels in a perfect arc off the front edge of the stage into the audience, who scrambled out of the path of the falling star.

At about precisely this instant, Collier had succeeded in unplugging the band, and the house lights had been brought up, and the audience, somewhat stunned, began to get to their feet and file out, slowly and quietly, flashing V-signs. Morrison, unhurt, picked himself up and hurried backstage.

There were several off-duty police on hand (31 of them, according to the Miami Herald's story) but they made no arrests, upon consulting with Collier. "We were only afraid," said the promoter, "that the way Morrison had revved up everybody's emotions, it could start some real trouble if cops came onstage to stop the show."

Said Miami Herald reporter Mahoney: "I saw it all, and I wasn't offended at the obscenity. What *did* offend me was that he was trying to start a riot." Mahoney's stories told how there'd been no riot—all Miami seemed to congratulate itself on that—and how obscene the show had been. "The King of Orgasmic Rock"—"the hypnotically erotic Morrison"—"flaunting the laws of obscenity, indecent exposure and incitement to riot," Mahoney reported, "appeared to masturbate in full view of his audience," etc., etc., on and on.

"The reaction," Mahoney says today, "was a lot bigger than I thought it would be. I personally don't want to see Morrison hung. He didn't hurt anybody. But Florida's a very conservative, staid place... and I talked with Morrison afterward and he seemed to me to be in a very poor emotional condition. He might not be able to stand three and a half years in Raiford Penitentiary." A native Floridian (b. Melbourne, Florida, went to St. Petersburg J.C. and Florida State Uni-

versity), Morrison doubtless knows Raiford's reputation.

The reaction went like this:

The Mayor of Jacksonville, Florida, personally cancelled a Doors concert in his city scheduled for the following weekend.

The Miami Herald went for the throats of the off-duty cops who'd failed to arrest Morrison on the spot: "They saw and heard laws being broken.... We cannot see why some of the policemen did not make the arrest."

The president of the Crime Commission of Greater Miami called for a Grand Jury investigation both into the alleged obscenities and into how Morrison had been allowed to perform there in the first place.

In response, Collier copped out by issuing a public statement to the effect that he had no idea Morrison would come on anything like he had and (in the classic phrase) "anyway, if we hadn't brought him here, somebody else would have."

It was Wednesday, four days after the concert, before the State Attorney's Office weighed in with its warrants (which set bonds totalling \$4,500), under the pressure of the public uproar.

"I was extremely shocked at the facts in this case as to what this man did, and the State Attorney's Office will prosecute him and ask for the maximum sentence on each count to run consecutively," promised Joe Durant, an assistant to State Attorney Richard E. Gerstein.

"It is our intent to serve these warrants on him and bring him before our courts," chimed Acting Police Chief Paul M. Denham.

In the past, Morrison has gotten off without serving any time. His major contretemps with the law have taken place in New Haven, Connecticut (breach of the peace and giving an indecent or immoral exhibition were the charges there), in Phoenix, Arizona (started a riot at the State Fair—and will never, the manager said, be invited back again), and in Long Island, New York (another riot).

These were the acts of an "erotic politician," to use Morrison's own term. "I just think I'm lucky to have found a perfect medium to express myself in," he recently told the New York Times. "When I sing my songs in public, that's a dramatic act, but not just acting as in theater, but a social act, real action."

The Doors were paid \$25,000 for this latest social act of Morrison's, and it will be wise for them to save it carefully. It may be some time before they are allowed to carry out another social act of this kind—within the framework of Floridian/American society, at any rate.

But there's a brighter ending to this story for Ken Collier, the promoter, who said: "There's one good thing in this for me. Before this happened, nobody ever heard of me or the club in New York. But now I think they *have*."

Monterey Festival: \$37,000 Settlement

LOS ANGELES—The larger part of the \$51,000 allegedly embezzled from Monterey Pop Festival profits has been recovered in the form of a settlement from a bank, according to festival co-director Lou Adler.

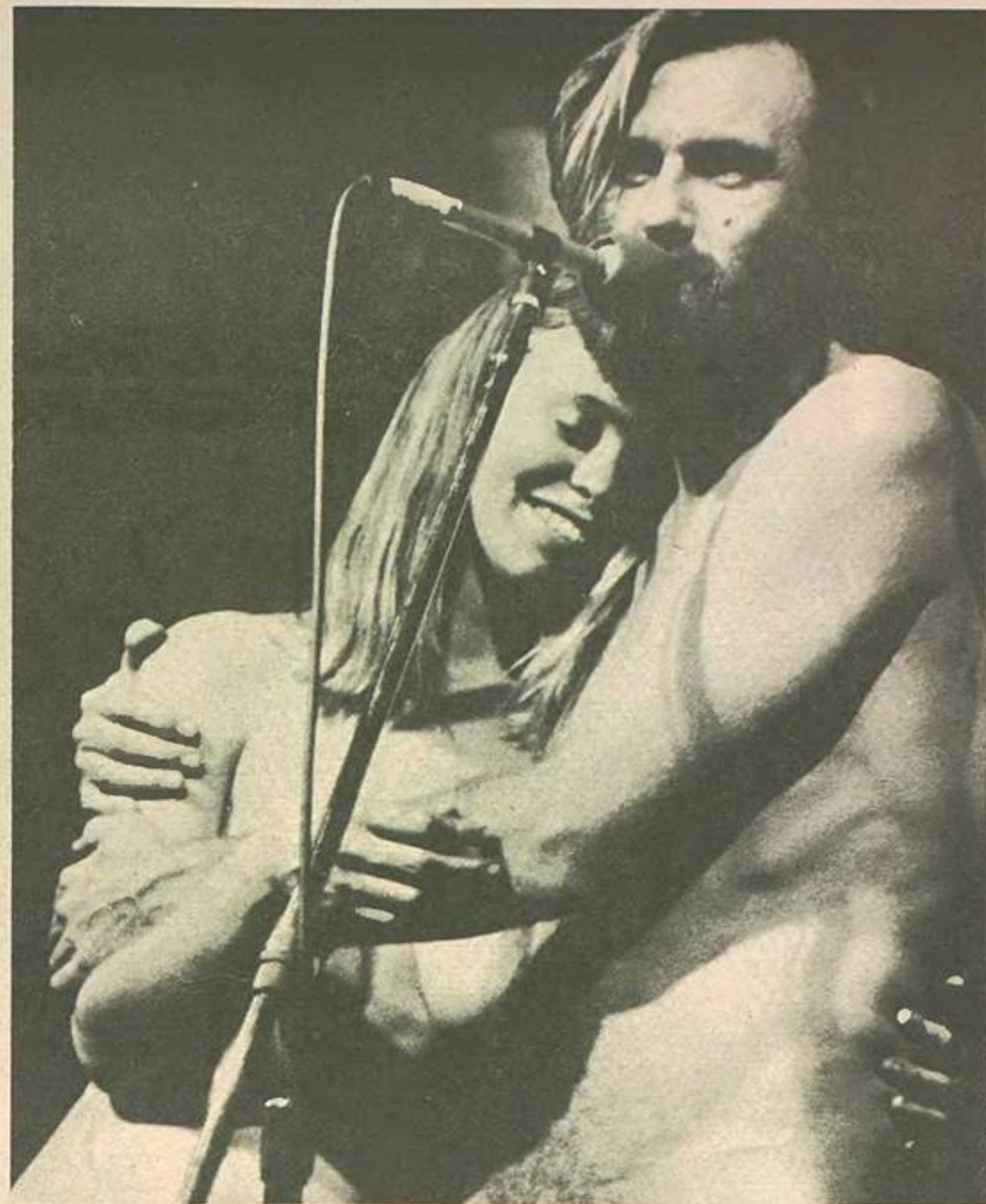
Adler claimed the Bank of America made a \$37,000 settlement rather than face a lawsuit. The remainder may be recovered through an insurance policy, but no one is really counting on it.

The missing money was presumed taken by Mrs. Sandra Beebe, a bookkeeper who had been hired following the 1967 festival. Late that year checks bearing Adler's forged signature were made out to a fictitious organization—checks which were later thought by the Los Angeles District Attorney's office to have been cashed by Mrs. Beebe's husband shortly before she disappeared.

Adler said all checks written on the festival were to carry two signatures; his own and that of John Phillips, who served as co-director with Adler. Phillips' signature was authentic on the bank's signature card, Adler said, but his own had been forged—evidently by the same person who was forging those checks.

In cases such as this, Adler said the bank is liable.

The Beebes' have not been apprehended, though authorities all over the West are looking for them.



HOFFMAN

Celestial Synapse At the Fillmore

SAN FRANCISCO—It was a "Frontiers of Science Celestial Synapse."

A what? What's Frontiers of Science? What's a synapse, and what's the Grateful Dead's name doing among the lines of medieval Irish script, the kind preferred for church bulletins?

The answer to the questions raised by the classy printed invitations was unquestionably the best musical gathering in months. Fifteen hundred invitations were sent out for the February 19 event, and though there was no other announcement probably double that number attended. Everyone was treated to the best vibrations and some of the best music the Fillmore West had seen in some time.

After a stirring oboe and bagpipe introduction by the Golden Toad, Don Hamrick of Frontiers of Science spoke for a few minutes in a gentle rural accent, addressing the crowd as "the Goodly Company." "It is our hope," he said, "that this evening there will be an opening and a free interchange, so that something new may emerge. Let the barriers fall, let there be a merging."

Then the Grateful Dead began a set that ran for four hours or so with scarcely an interruption. "I haven't seen anything like this in years—it's like one of the old Ken Kesey Acid Tests," said Bob Thomas, piper of the Toad and, like the Dead, veteran of many an Acid Test, "—only it's less hectic and confused. It's fucking amazing." People were handing each other flowers, joints, funny incomprehensible little picket signs four inches high.

The Dead played continuously, a flowing improvisatory set of new material. (Originally the concert was to be recorded for inclusion on the next Dead album, but last-minute difficulties in setting up the recording equipment scotched that.) Three light shows were playing, at no charge to the sponsors. The Grateful

Dead and Bill Graham donated their services for free.

Invitations had gone out to people in music and a broad range of psychedelic tribes—from Rancho Olompali and other communes to the Hells Angels. Many Frontiers of Science people and other communards could be seen embracing each other, greeting strangers, dancing and celebrating.

Toward two in the morning there were a number of stoned occurrences. People began taking off their clothes. Don McCoy of Olompali got up on the stage stark naked, against a tableau of Bill Graham restraining the rent-a-cops from pulling him down.

The organizing body was Frontiers of Science, headquartered at Harbinger, a former hot springs resort 100 miles north of San Francisco. Incorporated as a non-profit organization a year ago, FOS grew up around Don Hamrick, a 33-year-old alumnus of both a Church of Christ seminary (he has since been excommunicated for his radical mystical views) and research physics. Around two years ago Hamrick started speaking of a religious calling to establish order and unity on earth and to connect the physical and metaphysical aspects of science.

It has to do with the crystal at the center of the living Earth, which is affected by human vibrations and which may either change shape (a creative change) or change size (a destructive change, since it would cause earthquakes). The idea is to send down good vibrations to change the shape of that crystal, and the Celestial Synapse may very well have done just that.

"Synapse" is the term used by the people around Hamrick for a mass meeting of minds, parallel to the linking-up of brain cells that makes thought possible, called a synapse in psychology. The Celestial Synapse was the beginning of a five-day Frontiers of Science conference, which included a Congress of Concerned Educators at the College of Marin and a two-day gathering of about 400 people at Harbinger.



JOHN BURKS

An open letter to Jethro Tull.

You have come to the United States. You are, in a sense, a visitor and guest. Your behavior is being, at present, closely scrutinized from coast to coast. What you sing and how you play is about to mark the difference between continued anonymity and future fame.

But right now, the reaction of most of us Yanks is, "Who in the merry hell is Jethro Tull?"

Dast you blame us?

We think we know how you would answer that "Who in the merry" question. Your answers would be six:

1. Jethro Tull is the man who invented the plough three centuries ago, or so.

2. More than being just another new English group — ho hum — you, Jethro Tull, are apparently *the* new English group. That is, if the reaction you're causing in your Mother Country is a clue.

3. Your album, called "This Was," sprang from obscurity to #5 on the British charts in two weeks. Still up there. (Here, where it's just out on the Reprise label, it is not yet sprung. It is, however, crouching.)

4. Your reviews, in England, have been smashers. We quote you our favorite:

"The Cream are finished and dead. Soon

they will play their farewell concert . . . and then will appear a gap in the pop world which every group will strive to fill. But I'm sure a group has already filled their place. They go under the unlikely name of Jethro Tull, and make music which leaves The Cream standing. In all, this is THE group of the year, and for the next decade." — *The Northern Review*

As we said, J.T., a smashing review. But who in the merry hell is *The Northern Review*?

5. Four Englishmen, pretty much r&r jazz-blues oriented, who often appear in public as old men: shaggy hair, beards powdered with white, age lines on their faces. Just a little something for America's senior citizens.



THERE: SPRINGING 6. Ian Anderson (vocals, flute, and harmonica). Mick Abrahams (vocals and guitar). Glenn Cornick (bass guitar). And Clive Bunker (drums, hooter, and charm bracelet). Or as *The Corby Leader* said, "The most unusual group on the British scene." *The Corby Leader* is not, we warn you, *The New York Times*.

So, Jethro Tull, you may be hot spit in England, but here, you've got a ways to go: New York (Jan. 24-5), Detroit (Jan. 31), Chicago (Feb. 7-8), Boston (Feb. 13-15) . . . and so on for the next 16 weeks. We, for one, will be watching your every move.

But then, that's *our* business. *Our* meaning Reprise Records. We're your record label, Jethro Tull. Exactly where you belong.



HERE: CROUCHED





The Small Faces

Crosby-Stills-Nash Wind Up Album

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—The musical alliance of Crosby (David Crosby of the Byrds), Stills (Stephen Stills of Buffalo Springfield) and Nash (Graham Nash of the Hollies) has completed its first album, which will be released by Atlantic probably later this month.

The album, as yet untitled, is arguably the most talked-about LP-in-progress in Los Angeles, one of the most talked-about in the industry. And there is a natural hype that has grown up around the "super group" so strong it is beginning to get to the band itself.

"Yeah, I know it's there," Stills said, "and it scares me, man. Actually, it's sort of funny. We have to chase dozens out of the studio every night. And it's not the usual peanut gallery." (Those who have been "chased out" range from Ahmet Ertegun, the president of Atlantic Records, to Donovan.)

"I guess what it comes down to is the music," Stills added. "People will have to listen to the music and judge. I think the music's good. We could be three cats out of the Hamburger Hamlet and it wouldn't matter. Listen to the music."

There are ten songs in the LP—five of them written by Stills, three by Nash, one by Crosby, and one by Crosby, Stills and Jefferson Airplane's Paul Kantner. In recording them, between nine and 16 tracks per song were used.

In the sessions, Crosby played rhythm guitar, Stills played all the lead guitar, keyboard and bass parts, and Dallas Taylor (formerly of Clear Light) played drums. Stills said that before the group appears publicly—sometime in July at the earliest—a bassist and organist would be added. (Bassist Harvey Brooks is not a member of the band, as previously reported.)

The first side of the LP begins with "Suite Judy Blue Eyes," a song written by Stills. "It's all about this chick, a friend of mine," he said. (Stills has been seeing Judy Collins in recent months.)

The second is one of Nash's, "Marrakesh Express." "A train song," Stills said, "and it sounds like drunken Mexican cornet players in one part, but that's my guitar overdubbed twice."

Next on the disc is "Helplessly Hoping," what Stills described as "a real country song, as opposed to all those plastic Hollywood country songs by plastic country groups I read are happening now." Stills wrote it.

The fourth cut is "Lady of the Island," another song by Nash, described by Stills as "a pretty song."

The final song on the first side is "Pre-Road Downs," which is a song about just that—the blues musicians get before going back on tour again. It's a rock song, written by Nash. "It really trucks," said Stills.

The second side begins with "Wooden Ships," a longish (5:15) song written by Crosby, Stills and Kantner. Stills said this one begins with "our very own science fiction movie, a conversation between two voices" and closes with a large chorus. In between, he said, were "three different kinds of melodies."

Next: "You Don't Have to Cry," written by Stills, who said it tells what a drag show business can be, "especially New York type show biz." The third cut is Crosby's only solo writing effort, "Guenevere." The next is a jazz piece called "Deja Vu."

And the last is "Forty-nine Bye-Byes." Stills wrote it and said it gets its title from the fact that "it's sort of a combination of two other songs—'Forty-nine Reasons' and 'Bye Bye Baby.'" A rocker.

"I don't know whether you should print all this," Stills said. "It should be a surprise." The album was recorded at Wally Heider's Studio Three in Hollywood.



Elmira

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

I return as if in the dream of a young American duck hunting prince to Elmira and I am standing again on the bridge across the Long Tom River. It is always late December and the river is high and muddy and stirs dark leafless branches from its cold depths.

Sometimes it is raining on the bridge and I'm looking downstream to where the river flows into the lake. There is always a marshy field in my dream surrounded by an old black wooden fence and an ancient shed showing light through the walls and the roof.

I'm warm and dry under sweet layers of royal underwear and rain clothes.

Sometimes it is cold and clear and I can see my breath and there's frost on the bridge and I'm looking upstream into a tangle of trees that lead to the mountains many miles away where the Long Tom River starts its beginning.

Sometimes I write my name on the bridge in frost. I spell my name out very carefully, and sometimes I write "Elmira" in frost, too, and just as carefully.

I'm always carrying a double-barrel sixteen gauge shotgun with lots of shells in my pockets . . . perhaps too many shells because I am a teen-ager and it's easy to worry about running out of shells, so I'm weighed down with too many shells.

I'm almost like a deep-sea diver because my pockets are filled with such an abundance of lead. Sometimes I even walk funny because I've got so many shells in my pockets.

I'm always alone on the bridge and there's always a small flock of mallards that fly very high over the bridge and down toward the lake.

Sometimes I look both ways on the road to see if a car is coming and if a car isn't coming, I shoot at them, but they are too high for my shot to do anything but annoy them a little.

Sometimes a car is coming and I just watch the ducks fly down the river and keep the shooting to myself. It might be a game warden or a deputy sheriff. I have an idea somewhere in my head that it is against the law to shoot at ducks from a bridge.

I wonder if I am right.

Sometimes I don't look to see if there is a car on the road. The ducks are too high to shoot at. I know I'll just waste my ammunition, so I let them pass.

The ducks are always a flock of fat mallards just in from Canada.

Sometimes I walk through the little town of Elmira and everything is very quiet because it's so early in the morning and God forsaken with either rain or cold.

Whenever I walk through Elmira, I stand and look at the Elmira Union High School. The class rooms are always empty and dark inside. It seems as if nobody ever studies there and the darkness is never broken because there is no reason to ever turn the lights on.

Sometimes I don't go into Elmira. I cross over the black wooden fence and go into the marshy field and walk past the ancient religious shed and follow the river down to the lake, hoping to hit some good duck hunting.

I never do.

Elmira is very beautiful but it is not a lucky place for me to hunt.

I always get to Elmira by hitch-hiking about twenty miles. I stand out there in the cold or the rain with my shotgun, wearing my royal duck hunting robes and people stop and pick me up, and that's how I get there.

"Where are you going?" people say when I get in. I sit beside them with my shotgun balanced like a scepter between my legs and the barrels pointing up at the roof. The gun is at an angle, so the barrels point toward the passenger side of the roof, and I'm always the passenger.

"Elmira."

The Small Faces Call It Splits

LOS ANGELES—"It's really a huge drag," pronounced Glyn Johns upon hearing that the Small Faces have decided to call it splits. "If they had just gotten themselves to tour the United States, they would absolutely have destroyed this country. Their impact onstage—well, you've got to compare them with the Stones."

Johns, producer and/or engineer for all the Small Faces recordings, described the frustrations which had undone the band. The basic irritation was that they had not been in a recording studio for at least six months, and "there's nothing they like better than recording," according to Johns. "They'd love to spend all their lives in the studio if they could."

The reasons the band had not been recording were tactfully left unstated. In London, lead singer Steve Marriott told the British pop paper New Musical Express simply that "the group is breaking up to pursue their own scenes."

"We just feel the old Small Faces scene had become a bit stagnant," said Lane. "Being labelled a dirty pop group for teen screams . . . no longer meant what we originally intended," said Marriott, "and the only thing we can do is get rid of it."

A thing that would happen at odd moments, recalled Johns, is that Marriott would "explode and say he didn't want to be spokesman for the group anymore. But he's a very heavy individual, Steve is, a unique ego, and he wouldn't let anybody else do it either. It led to some very weird situations."

Johns noted that everyone is probably saying that Marriott—the most dynamic of the Small Faces, the center of attention onstage—will succeed on his own, while the others will fade into obscurity.

"Well, that's bullshit," said Johns in answer to this hypothetical speculation. "They'll all do well." He went on to point up the strengths of drummer Kenny Jones ("one of the best two or three in England"), bassist Ronny Lane and organist Ian McLagan, the three of whom will, he thinks very likely continue on their own as a unit.

Marriott will team up with ex-Herd lead singer Peter Frampton, Johns reports (Marriott himself refused to comment on this) and this means that "we'll have two strong groups in the place of one."

Though they never toured the U. S., the Small Faces enjoyed considerable success here with their singles, "Lazy Sunday" and "Tin Soldier," and most recently with the album *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake*, with its circular cover and the fairy tale of Happiness Stan on the inside.

The name of the group came about because they are all such tiny cats—the tallest is 5-foot-5—that they looked almost like midgets behind their instruments.

Random Notes

—Continued from Page 4

tion, which is right on. Stitt never sounded better and he's always sounded fine . . . Joe Cocker will appear on the Ed Sullivan Show in April sometime—a different kind of a gig entirely from the one he recently did at London's Imperial College, a benefit for the National Council for Unmarried Mothers . . . Phil Ochs is doing it Another Way on the A&M album he just finished: it's new Ochs material against 1950's-flavored rock . . . Elvis Presley will make his first public stage appearance in eight years this July at the new International Hotel, Las Vegas, for reportedly astronomical numbers of dollars . . .

Science in the news: Two dapper hold-up men phoned to make an appointment to see \$35,000 worth of diamond rings and earrings at a Los Angeles jewelry store, arrived on time, inspected the merchandise, found it worthy, whipped out a can of Mace, sprayed the store's proprietors up and down, and disappeared with the goods long before the police—who said the store manager would eventually recover from his eye irritation, nausea, skin burns and dizziness—arrived. The police were armed with Mace.

Creedence C'water At the Hop

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

Back in 1958, the three boys—each a peachy-complected 13-year-old—thought they could make it as the Blue Velvets. They didn't, but they stayed together, sporting cute matching white dinner jackets and continental ties, and singing juke box standards at the sock hops they played.

In 1963, they changed their name, thinking they could make it as the "Golliwogs." They didn't, but still they stayed together, following and copying whatever sounds were making it. Now they played college frat parties and military clubs as well as teen posts up and down the California coast. They had a record, "Brown-Eyed Girl," that busted the charts in Turlock, Fresno, and San Jose. In other words, they were still going nowhere.

In 1967, they changed their name again. Word by word, they became the Creedence Clearwater Revival. And the rest is potential history.

At this juncture, the band's third single, "Proud Mary," is number one on the national charts, and their second album, *Bayou Country*, is a cinch for the top ten. Since early fall last year, this product of so much musical metamorphosing has been scoring steadily with such hard-edged, unornamented numbers as "Suzie Q" and "I Put a Spell on You."

For a band that's been knocking around for more than a decade, the CCR is very young. Stu Cook, bass, Doug Clifford, drummer, and John Fogerty, lead guitar and vocalist, are 23. Rhythm guitarist Tom Fogerty, John's brother is 27. He joined the band in 1965 as a vocalist.

Today, the Creedence Clearwater Revival puts forth a cowboyish image—of four travel-worn men from the Bayou County talking about choogling, or chucking the straight life to go steamboating down the river.

Yet, as John Fogerty recalls, "When we started, we had the greasy hair and ducktails and the matching outfits. We were trying to be like the Viscounts and the Wailers. You know, a 'teen band.'"

All the Velvets went to the same junior high and high schools in El Cerrito, a residential suburb across the San Francisco Bay, but were not close friends until Fogerty began to organize the band.

"And maybe this is why we've stayed together so long," says Fogerty. "I picked the guys very carefully—even at age 13." He wanted a guitar, piano, and drums. Already mindful of possible personality conflicts between band members ("Although at that age the ego-tripping was like 'Who'll get top billing, the spotlight, at this party?'"), he looked over a field of four contending pianists before choosing Stu Cook.

Of course, being a member of the Blue Velvets was never hyped up to mean arrival at the end of the rainbow. The B.V.'s made four records on the Kristy and Orchestra labels, and their biggest smash came when they backed up a North Richmond singer named Dave Powell on a tune Fogerty recalls as having made "number one in Marin County."

The Blue Velvets then signed a contract with the San Francisco record label Fantasy and, as the Golliwogs, turned out a short stack of sounds best described, by Fogerty, as "very contrived. Everything I could think of in a commercial record, I'd stick in."

Some sounded like the Beach Boys; others more like Jan and Dean, and several had chord progressions stolen right out of early-Beatle music sheets. The band, Fogerty says, privately dug the blues and early Stax artists like William Bell, but their recorded sound had to be commercially-oriented. No floundering amateurs by now, the Golliwogs were still, self-admittedly, "ultra-white mickeymouse musicians."

The B.V. and Golliwog eras, however, included one factor that proved important. At their various bus stops, the boys often found themselves on stage without a microphone, and John Fogerty had to scream his lyrics over the band and the din. "I just got used to it," Fogerty says. "Those frat parties were such drunken orgies, anyway, that they didn't care whether we had a mike or not. They just wanted the music to sing along with." Today, the strength Fogerty acquired from playing in these circumstances is an important facet of the CCR's sound.



Creedence Clearwater Revival

Military hitches tied various Golliwogs up until the fall of 1967. While John was busy maneuvering his way out of a six-month Army hitch (he got out early), Doug, Tom, and Stu, who were, respectively, a janitor, a gas and electric company clerk, and a San Jose State senior, found and rented a house in woodsy, secluded El Sobrante in the Richmond hills. Cook sold a brand new car, a graduation present from his parents, to finance both the house and the group. When Fogerty got out of the service, the quartet dove into rehearsals at the house, practicing nearly every day for six months.

They came out of El Sobrante in early 1968 with a loud, easy-rolling blues-rock sound and a repertoire of blues standards including Dale Hawkins' "Suzie Q" and Screaming Jay Hawkins' "I Put a Spell on You." They also found a change of ownership at Fantasy Records, with new boss Sol Zaentz willing to give the band something better than the shack-studio the company had in San Francisco. The first effort was "Suzie Q," and it immediately hit the national top ten.

Although the band might be—and has been—faulted for a repetitious sound (moderate opening; screaming Fogerty vocal for two verses; long, pounding, guitar-dominated break; Fogerty vocal wrap-up; big close), Fogerty, who also produces and arranges CCR's recordings, plans no immediate directional changes.

"If I had to throw in strings just to sound different," he says, "I'd quit. Our music has a specific aim: to make you want to jump up and dance. Later on, we may want people to reflect on our words; we may want to play with more feedback and electronic effects. But right now, we just want our music to make people feel."

'Rockumentary' Radio Milestone

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—KHJ Radio's 48-hour-long "History of Rock and Roll" has now aired in nine cities, on RKO-General stations whose programming is controlled by Bill Drake. By conceiving and commissioning this "rockumentary," Drake can be forgiven for all the schlock he has been throwing at intelligent listeners on a day-to-day basis for years.

Commercials were curtailed. All contests were dropped. And the only jingles and musical hypes in the marathon history were those promoting the history itself.

Top 40 bullshit was abandoned, giving the program's writer, Pete Johnson of the Los Angeles Times, time and freedom to program more than 800 records (from the pre-"Sh-Boom" days to the present) and interviews with over 100 artists, producers and music biz executives. It was fascinating.

"I included nearly every record I ever

remember hearing," Johnson said about the history. And many he programmed were those never heard before on any station with which Drake is affiliated—the Rolling Stones' 11-minute-long "Goin' Home" among them.

There were dozens of high points, including:

—A Phil Spector "Blindfold Test" in which he was tossed "Reach Out, I'll Be There" and said, "That's the Four Tops doing Dylan..."

—A telephone interview with Mick Jagger, during which Jagger put the interviewer on.

—Taped comments from the late Buddy Holly, demonstrating his genuine amazement at his early success.

—A tape of the late Otis Redding singing at the Monterey Pop Festival, never aired on radio before.

Others interviewed included Little Richard, Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller, Johnny Cash, Jerry Wexler, Fats Domino, Willie Mae Thornton, Ray Charles, and (of course) the Beatles.

The program was presented in segments—first a history of the blues, then a history of country-western music, then a history of rock, then a chronological pop "chartsweep" (the hits), with one-hour tributes to the Beatles, the Stones, etc. This jerked the listener back to rock's beginnings several times, giving the history a zipper-like feel, but it didn't seem an inappropriate organizational technique.

Really, the only criticism that could be leveled was that it was generally limited to the music and considered only peripherally the social phenomena that have accompanied rock. Thus, the continuing "official" criticism of rock, the night club scenes, the dances, the politics of rock and the life style that are so closely linked with the form were given (in terms of time) only passing attention.

Additionally, there were a few forgivable—but nonetheless misleading—bits of misinformation included—as when Bill Haley said Alan Freed took the phrase "rock and roll" from a song he wrote nearly a year after Freed coined the term... and a reading of what *Who's Who* had to say about Elvis Presley gave the impression Presley recorded two songs a year before he actually did, and so on.

But these are trivial matters. The "rockumentary" was a soaring nostalgic and historic success. Everyone responsible for the show's production—Johnson; his producer Ron Jacobs, who is KHJ's program director; the entire staff—deserves some sort of medal. The history was honest, balanced and although quite long—48 solid hours of anything is long—something every real rock fan would want to have heard (if not own).

Copies of the history have been requested by the Library of Congress, the Rodgers & Hammerstein Record Archives of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Juilliard, and the UCLA Research Library.

NEW LP

Big Pink Band To Tour U.S.

NEW YORK—The band from Big Pink, presently recording its second album in seclusion in Los Angeles, will begin touring the U. S. with an April 17-18-19 stand at San Francisco's Winterland, to be followed by a May 9-10 appearance at Fillmore East. And from then on the band intends to perform every weekend, all over the U. S.

Though there have been hundreds of offers, no further confirmed dates have been released by their manager, Albert Grossman. It is possible that other engagements may be contracted between the Winterland and Fillmore East gigs.

One thing for certain is that the band will not perform during the first week of May, when lead guitarist Robbie Robertson's wife is expected to deliver a baby. (What if the baby arrives off schedule? "It's can't," said Grossman office spokesman Marty McGinnis, straight-faced—"We've got it booked for that weekend.")

Thus will end two years of introspection and seclusion in Woodstock, New York, the town which contains both Big Pink (the band's home and namesake of their first LP) and their old pal and buddy, Bob Dylan, with whom the band used to appear. There had been earlier plans to get back on the road again, but these were delayed by assorted broken necks and illnesses.

The plan now is to complete the album—all the mixing and finishing touches—prior to the April 17 Winterland gig. The band has been in Los Angeles since late February, which gives them the better part of two months there for recording.

The Grossman office could not say whether the present recording dates would include all three of the albums projected by their band in their interview with *ROLLING STONE* (February 1)—one to consist of new material, a second of songs members of the band have written for other performers, and the third "an old-fashioned sing-song, like beer parties your aunt and uncle used to have."

But evidently the band had some very specific things in mind, because they put in several requests to Grossman for certain types of pianos, guitars and harmonicas for the sessions. (No one at the manager's office could remember these specifics.)

Before the band got together at their Los Angeles hideaway ("a beautiful place, an excellent place to work"), Robbie Robertson is said to have been in Hawaii on a brief vacation.

Arrangements for the Winterland and Fillmore East dates were made between Grossman and Bill Graham, and were, according to Grossman's spokesman, both intricate and protracted.

By Mike Adler

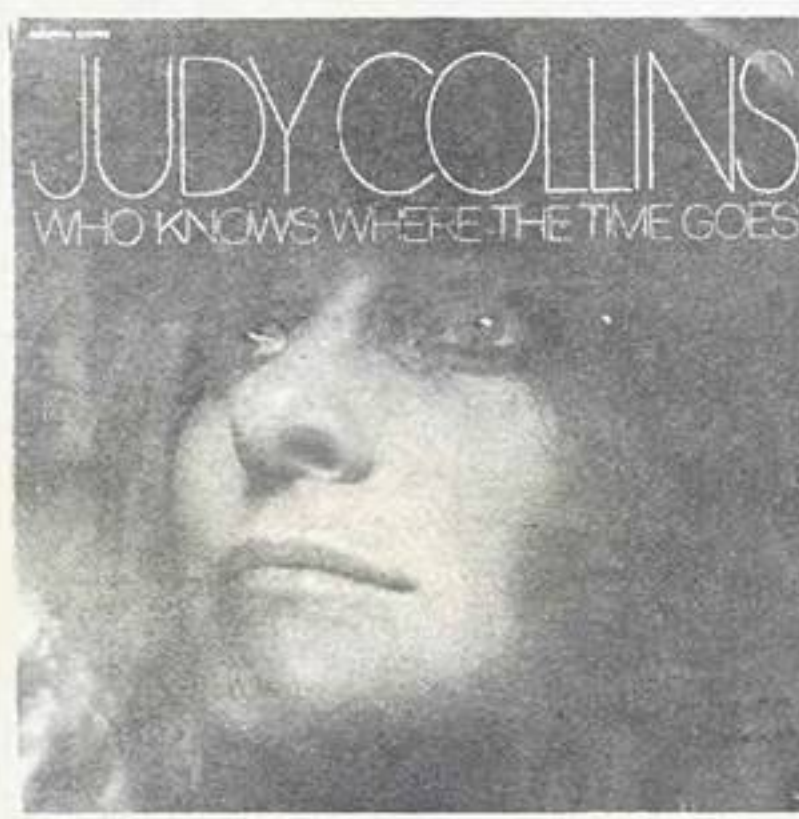
THE BEATLES, their latest release, has got to be the living, new-work of the "London Quartet." "Martha My Dear," "Helter Skelter," "Blackbird," "Obladi Oblada" and "Mother Nature's Son" are their own souls in music. Their flawless take-offs on other styles have now become the sole property of The Beatles. "Revolution No. 9" fall shorts of being a true Beatle production having utilized 72 tracks of recorded sound, but it still belongs where it is. There must be some hidden meaning in the title of the album!

APPLE FULL DIMENSIONAL STEREO

THE BEATLES



THE BEATLES
Beatles — 4CW-101 A&B



WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME GOES
Judy Collins — EKT-A-74033

WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME GOES, is a classic autumn in sound by Judy Collins. Here incorporation of country-western guitar, the result of the Dylan-influenced Nashville phenomenon, flows through the Collins strainer — only the finest of chords remain intact. This release can leave one only too anxious for the next Collins season.



ANY DAY NOW
Joan Baez — Van-A-79306

ANY DAY NOW is an artistic love affair between the moods of Bob Dylan and the angelic celestia of Joan Baez. The best are the recent Dylan compositions. Once, again, the Nashville incorporation is a sweet success. "I Shall Be Released" has been stylized by the band. A fantastic thing. In the hands of Joan Baez — it's a prayer.



CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS
SKIFFLE BAND'S GREATEST HITS
Van-A-79285

CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS SKIFFLE BAND'S GREATEST HITS is humored harmony of the turn of the century — but keeping up is a challenge. Just when the barber shop quartet fits its garter belts on striped sleeves, contemporary blues and big city purples set in. These California big kids are neat!



YELLOW SUBMARINE
Beatles — 4CL-153

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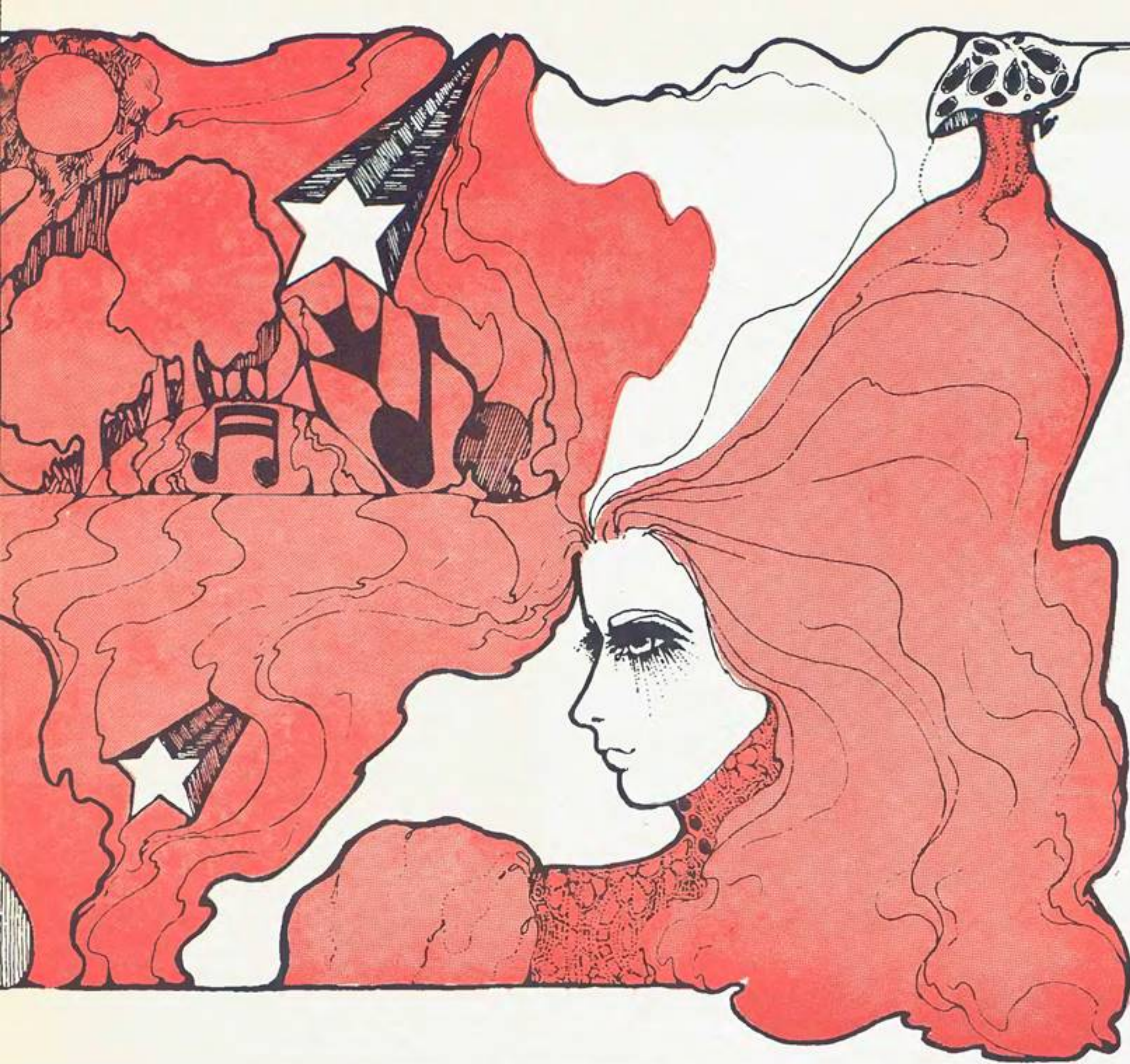
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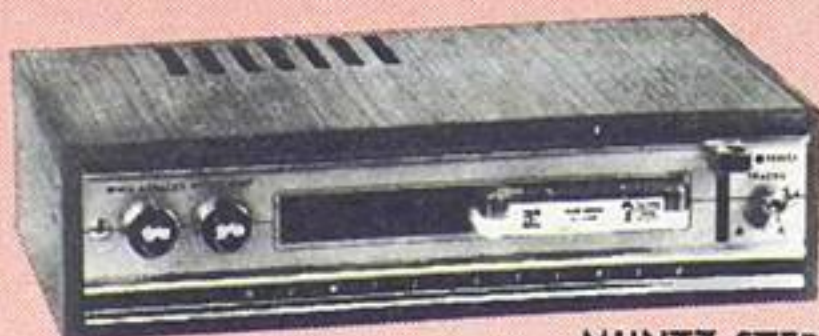
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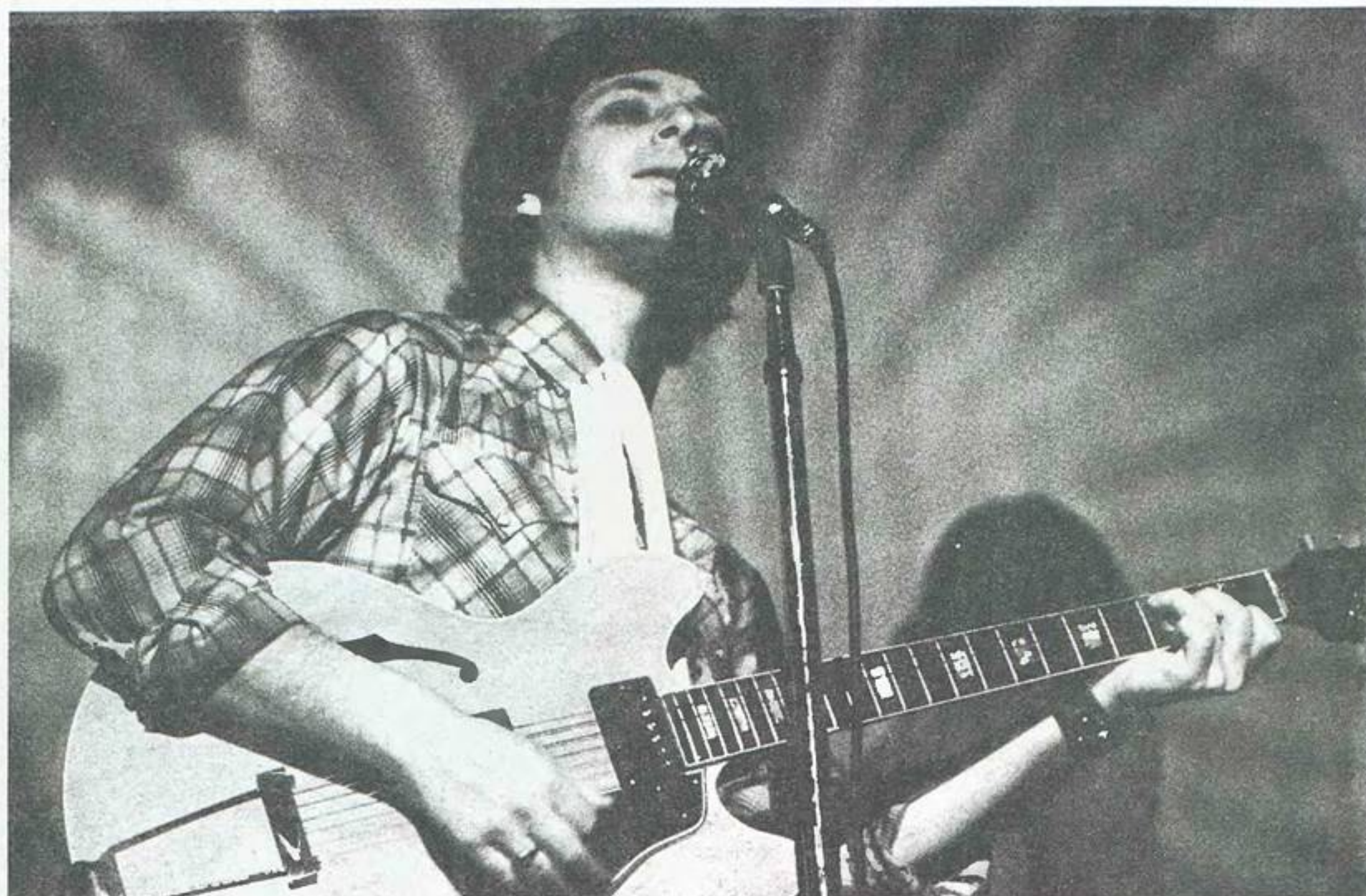
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Steve Katz

BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS 'We're the World's Ugliest Band'

BY PAUL NELSON

NEW YORK — Blood, Sweat and Tears, with their album number six on the charts and a single on the move, have been wading through the usual accompanying potpourri of television appearances, movie offers, and magazine articles. Despite the commotion, they are greatly enjoying their current status.

"I love it," claims Steve Katz, a founding member of the group. "I always wanted to be a rock 'n' roll star. Kids are starting to scream now when we get on stage. It's very weird. Next week, we've got a bill on which Procol Harum is the second act. I never thought that would happen."

"I have a poster at home from when we first played the Scene. It says 'Al Kooper, Steve Katz, Blood, Sweat and Tears,' 'Chambers Brothers,' and, at the bottom in little letters, 'Tiny Tim, emcee.' It's wild."

The nine-man band is currently preparing charts and rehearsing for their third LP, which they feel will be both a philosophic and qualitative successor to *Blood, Sweat and Tears*.

"Looking back on the second record now," says Katz, "it seems very representative. It feels good to us because it caught up with our live performances. It's a sampler of things to come because our heads are in such good shape now that we're going to be around for a long time."

According to Katz, there may be more rock music on the third album. Arranger-alto saxophonist Fred Lipsius disagrees: "There's a small drift from the original band on the second LP. The third LP will be completely us."

Studio work will begin in March. "But," Katz emphasized, "we're going to relax and pick out the best material, record track by track, and probably not complete the album until summer."

Many of the songs have already been chosen: "Martha, My Dear" from the Beatles, Randy Newman's "I'll Be Home," Moby Grape's "Can't Be So Bad," Joe Crocker's "Something's Coming On" (which the group will probably use as an opener in future concerts), and a Dick Halligan composition which will function as a kind of sequel to the "Theme by Eric Satie" on the second LP.

Dropped were Bob Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower" and the United States of America's "Love Song for the Dead Che." "We wanted to do the former exactly the way Jimi Hendrix did it," explained Katz, "and I decided I didn't want to sing the latter because it would have homosexual overtones coming from a male singer."

Blood, Sweat and Tears have firmly resisted pressure to record an entire album of their own songs. "Once you do that," feels drummer Bobby Colomby, "you can't backtrack and record an LP of other people's songs later. It looks

weird. Since we have only two writers now—Steve Katz and David Clayton-Thomas—and since they write in a similar style, we won't do an original album until we're all writing songs. We want to keep the quality of variety on our records. We don't want every song to sound the same."

Colomby wishes that rock and roll audiences were more interested in music than gossip. He feels that the Establishment media can relate to the group because "it's easier for older people to react to our music since it's not in a setting of youth."

"You ought to see our groupies. We have the funniest groupies in the world—real bottom-of-the-barrel stuff. We're the ugliest band ever born. When we play, I expect to find puke in the aisles. People say, 'They sound nice, but they're so ugly.'"

Things are going well for Blood, Sweat and Tears. Their first LP—*Child Is Father to the Man*—has been nominated for a Grammy Award, they plan to release three or four singles from their second album, David Clayton-Thomas is gaining wide acclaim as a singer, the group has been invited to the Newport Jazz Festival, and lots of big-money bookings are starting to roll in.

"The most important thing about having a hit record," explains Katz, "is that we can experiment now with our band, and people will accept it. We can do anything we want because we have a proven audience. And we're going to be together a long time because none of us have anything better to do."

Mamas and Papas Do It Again

LOS ANGELES — John and Michelle Phillips and Denny Doherty are tentatively scheduled to resume recording this month as the Mamas and the Papas, following nearly a year of silence from the group.

In fact, most in the industry had considered the group defunct, when Cass Elliott split for a solo career. Then Dunhill Records sued John, Michelle and Denny in an attempt to get them back into the studio. (Cass was not included in the suit because she was recording for Dunhill as a single anyway.) This resulted in a counter-suit, with the three asking for royalties they said were due them.

Apparently all these suits have now been resolved—out of court—and new product from the group, now a trio, probably will be on John Phillips' new label, Warlock Records, and distributed by Dunhill. It is presumed Cass will not be replaced.

Dunhill and Lou Adler, who says he will continue as the Mamas and the Papas' producer, will say no more and asks, in fact, that nothing be said. All the legal knots have not been unsnarled, evidently, and no one is willing to say very much. Adler did say, however, that the three have been rehearsing new material.

"John's written several new songs," he said.

It is expected any new recordings by the group would be cut in the studio in the Phillips' Bel Air home, where the last Mamas and Papas album was recorded.

Since that time, John and Michelle have been active in several film projects and Denny has been in near-seclusion.

LONDON — Meanwhile, in London, where she is building snowmen in Hyde Park and preparing for a Tom Jones Show TV appearance, Mama (ex-Mama) Cass Elliott says she's got no plans to go back to work with the M's & the P's—though "I'm very loath to make the final break with Michelle, Denny and John. I consider myself a group singer, despite 'Dream a Little, Dream of Me.'" she told a reporter here.

Why had the M's & the P's declined in popularity? Mama Cass thought it was because it became over-arranged, over-produced and less exciting. Her dream now is to get with a super-group, with people like, say, Graham Nash, Paul McCartney, David Crosby and Steve Stills, but she doesn't see much possibility of that.

Musical Chairs For Jeff Beck

NEW YORK—The Jeff Beck Group has run through an involved game of musical chairs which (while it must have been a barrel of yucks) did result in their blowing six engagements.

It all started when Beck fired his bassist and drummer—their playing had deteriorated, he said—on the very eve of a scheduled U.S. tour. Then Beck went back to England to get up a new rhythm section, promising to do it in a hurry so's to get on with the tour. Five dates had to be canceled, for later re-scheduling.

So he hired himself a new bassist and a new drummer and in a little over a week Beck was back in the States again, ready to pick up his tour. Beck & Group, with Tony Newman on drums and Douglas Blake on bass, plus Nicky Hopkins on piano and Rod Stewart as vocalist as usual, played one gig in Alexandria, Virginia.

And then off to Boston for another date, but before that one came off, Beck had fired bassist Blake and was out of action again. Nothing to do but return to Great Britain and find another new bassist. More canceled dates.

But, no, instead of a new bassist, Beck hired an old new bassist—that is to say he re-hired Ron Wood, the bass player he'd fired the first time around.

A few words about new drummer Newman, who may or may not still be with Beck when the band hits your town: he's backed Little Richard, Sam Cooke and Jerry Lee on European tours, and has done a good deal of London studio work, most prominently with George Harrison.

Noel Redding's Fat Mattress

LONDON—In a year which has seen many rock musicians leave one group to start or join another, Noel Redding seems to have set a precedent. He now serves as lead guitarist and part-time singer for his own band, the recently formed Fat Mattress, while continuing to play bass for the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

In addition to Redding, personnel for the new group includes Jimmy Leventon, bass; Eric Dillon, drums; and Neil Landon, vocals.

During a Hendrix vacation period here in December, Fat Mattress, with the assistance of Chris Wood and Mitch Mitchell, cut fourteen tracks—enough for an album, *In the Spring*, and a single. The songs are now in final mixing stages. In America, Reprise will have first refusal rights; in England, both discs will be issued before summer by Track Records.

Redding describes his band's sound as "commercial, like the Who, the Byrds, and so on. Not Top 40, but simple. English rock and roll really, like the Small Faces and all that. I'm not really wild if it sells or not, it's just a personal thing with me."

In late February, the Experience headlined a concert at Royal Albert Hall with Fat Mattress the second act on the bill. Redding, proudly wearing his Plaster Casters tee shirt, played with both groups. It is a strong possibility that such a package will be offered to promoters in the near future.

Baker and Big Pink Sign for Western

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES — Ginger Baker, ex-Cream drummer, together with members of the band from Big Pink, will play leading roles in an original Western film to be produced by the Beatles' Apple Corps.

The film is titled *Zachariah* and was written by Joe Massot, the Englishman who directed *Wonderwall*. Massot also will direct the Western, and George Harrison will provide the score, working with the band.

Baker is expected to portray a "super gun-fighter" in *Zachariah*, Massot said, and when asked what roles Robbie Robertson, Garth Hudson, Levon Helm, Richard Manuel and Rick Danko (the band) would play, he said: "I would rather leave out descriptions of characters. It's best to let the audience discover them."

He did add, however, that none of the musicians would play the title role, which role has not yet been cast. The musicians apparently will fill co-starring or supporting roles.

Massot revealed these details shortly after arriving in Los Angeles to scout locations and to meet with the band, currently recording a second album here for Capitol. Members of the band could not be reached for reaction or additional details. Baker, meanwhile, remains in England.

The writer-director described the film as "a cowboy's search for perfection through violence."

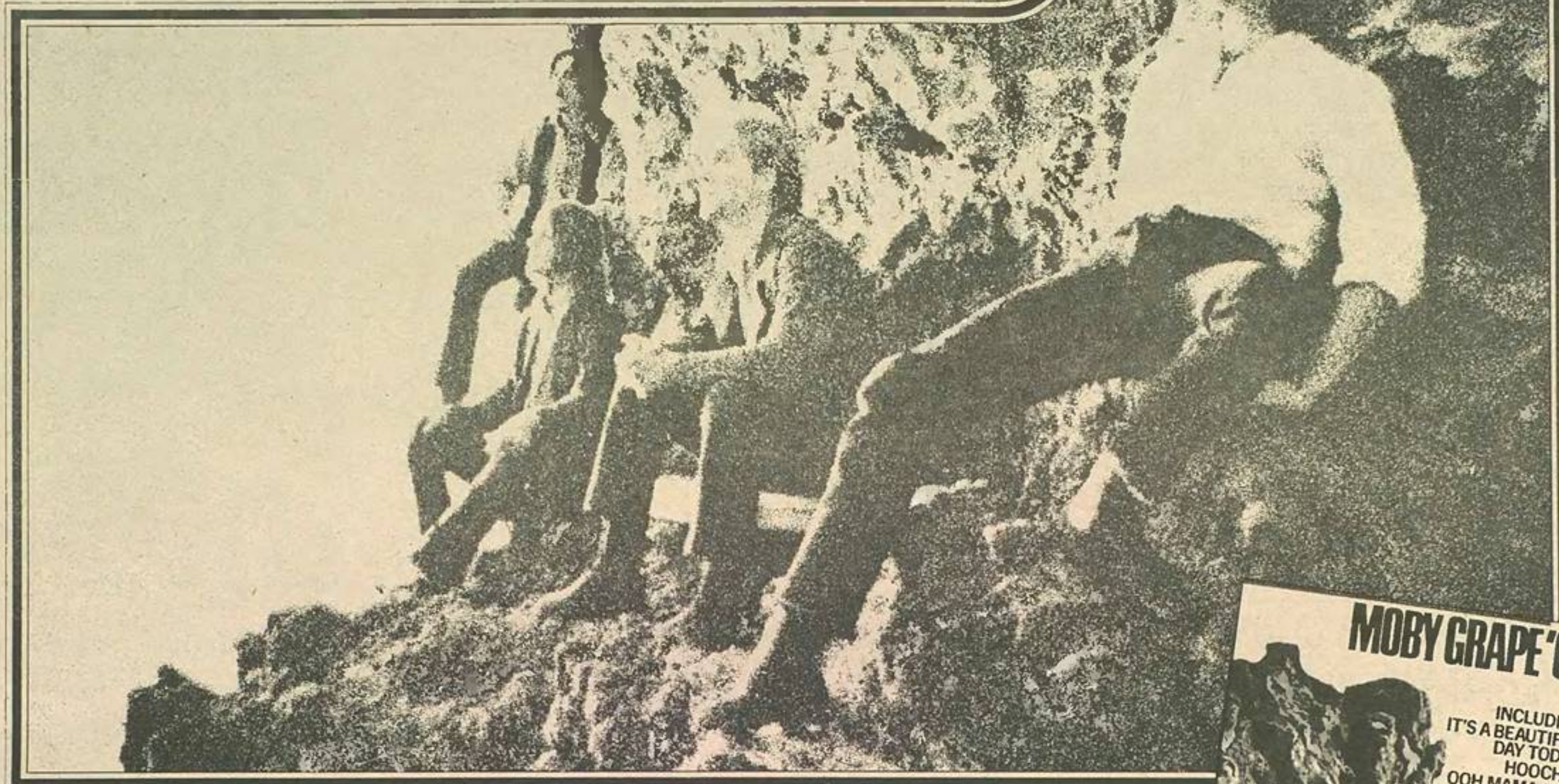
"It won't be a Western in the traditional sense," he explained, "although it will have a definite story line and plot. Rather, it's about the consciousness of violence and the achievement of perfection without violence. Everyone in this country seems to be into violence and that's wrong. The point is to find that which comes from within, an awareness. That's what the film is about."

There is a perfection that musicians attain, he said, a perfection gained through inner search. Thus Massot feels that the use of musicians in such a story is appropriate.

(He did not mention, though, the violence normally associated with Baker's drumming—which may make Baker an even more logical casting choice than the musically gentler members of the band.)

Massot said the film would be shot entirely in Southern California, probably beginning in May. Locations set so far include Monument Valley and Joshua Tree National Forest, both located in the desert about 125 miles to the east of Los Angeles, not far from Palm Springs.

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BOOKS

BY JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

Dear Doctor Hip Pocrates—"Advice Your Family Doctor Never Gave You" by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D. Grove Press, 1968. 112 pp., \$5.00.

Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, 33, is not well known in the medical profession. His name has not been associated with historic organ transplants nor has he ever addressed the American Medical Association. Yet he is one of the best known doctors in the country, the author of "Dr. Hip Pocrates," a weekly medical column appearing in the Berkeley Barb, the L.A. Free Press, the East Village Other and a dozen other underground newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. His book is a collection of past columns.

Since he began the controversial feature two years ago, the good doctor has offered advice on everything from masturbation, mace and oral copulation to fetishism, group sex and drug effects, all of which are covered in this book. Apart from the value of his information, Schoenfeld's candor and concern for human welfare have made him a respected authority on both sides of the barricades. His readers respond with unabashed enthusiasm:

"Q. During coitus, that moment just this side of orgasm (hers), the object is to somehow stop up all of her orifices. This, I am assured, will heighten the ecstasy of orgasm. Ecstasy aside, do you see possible harm in such 'stoppage'—fittingly called 'smother-fucking'?"

"A. Dear Smotherer: Remember that it's a rare person who can hold his breath more than three or four minutes, so timing is important. Asphyxiation aside, one wonders about the means. In any case, many female readers will be left breathless by your letter."

"Q. I am forty-five years of age, unmarried, and in excellent physical condition, which I maintain by working out weekly at the YMCA. My problem is that every so often while doing chin-ups, I have an orgasm. This prevents me from finishing my workout, but after re-

laxing in the hot room I seem to feel better than ever. Is this physically harmful? And since I usually know it is going to happen and continue the chin-ups anyway, would the Catholic Church consider this masturbation and therefore a sin?"

"A. I suspect there is something about this situation which arouses you consciously or unconsciously. Aside from being unable to continue your workout, no physical harm seems possible. But

member. Moreover, babies have been born gleefully grasping IUD's. Condoms are a drag and may break. Companies producing vaginal foams and jellies claim them to be as effective as diaphragms but I know several children nicknamed Emko, Preceptin, or Ortho. Rhythm is somewhat more effective than luck."

Schoenfeld's approach to medicine differs radically from the normal career pattern principally because what he does is relevant. Moreover, he has impeccable

Within weeks "Dr. Hip Pocrates" became the Barb's most popular feature and syndication in the underground press quickly followed. By this time Schoenfeld had begun a psychiatric residency at San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital and had aroused the ire of his superiors. He resigned his position after six months and began devoting full attention to his column. Today Schoenfeld works one all-night shift each week at U.C.'s student clinic and devotes the rest of his time to writing.

Since his column became syndicated, Schoenfeld receives over 50 letters a week. And while he often has no ready answers to offbeat queries, he doesn't hesitate to print them:

"Q. I've heard the intensity of a woman's sneeze is somehow comparable to the intensity of her orgasm—a very convulsive sneeze, a very convulsive orgasm... Would you please comment?"

"A. Seems to me I've heard the same. I'm certain there are many who would be willing to join in a research project to settle this question. God bless you for your letter."

Though *Dear Doctor Hip Pocrates* offers some useful information to practically everyone, its importance lies not in its practical value. The book's publication is really a back-handed indictment of this nation's sclerotic medical establishment which has sadly neglected its obligation to youth. In the majority of cases, today's family doctor either doesn't know enough about sex and drugs or he answers honest questions with moral platitudes.

Schoenfeld's attitude is by contrast existential and humane. His description of the beauty and danger of LSD is presented with studied objectivity, leaving the burden of personal choice to the reader. However, where there is the remotest chance for damage to someone else—an unborn child for example—he unequivocally opposes drug use.

Above all Schoenfeld manages to communicate a vital need for shared human experience in these perilous times:

"VD is unpleasant and may be dangerous if untreated—but it's better to have a positive Wassermann test than never to have loved at all."

DEAR DOCTOR HIPPOCRATES BY EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D. ADVICE YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR NEVER GAVE YOU

you should consult your own physician who may wish to refer you for psychiatric consultation.

"I am not widely renowned as a Catholic theologian, so I suggest you consult a priest..."

Aside from suggesting treatment for exotic personal hang-ups, Schoenfeld excels in dispensing practical information:

"Q. Could you list in order of effectiveness the various contraceptive methods?"

"A. The two most certain ways to prevent pregnancy are abstinence and the conscientious use of birth-control pills. Diaphragms combined with spermicidal jellies are almost always effective. Those able to use intrauterine devices (IUD's) are most carefree but IUD's have been expelled from the uterus unbeknownst to the user and can irritate the male

credentials: a B.A. from U.C. Berkeley; an M.D. from U. of Miami, Florida; an M.A. in Public Health from Yale. During the summer months of medical school he visited Africa on two occasions, worked in the Albert Schweitzer Hospital and eventually went back for a third visit with the International Cardiology Foundation in 1966.

Returning to the Bay Area several years ago, Schoenfeld joined the staff of the Center for Special Problems (drugs and sex) in San Francisco and quickly discovered the great need for accessible information on both subjects. His volunteer work with the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic reinforced his conviction. When he half-jokingly urged Berkeley Barb editor Max Scherr to include a medical column, the latter assigned Schoenfeld the task on the spot.

Linda Ronstadt



Hand Sown... Home Grown

In Linda Ronstadt's album you hear Bob Dylan (I'll Be Your Baby Tonight) and John D. Loudermilk (Break My Mind), reflecting current country influence. She wistfully sings a Fred Neil (The Dolphins), and revives a favorite (We Need a Lot More of Jesus—And a Lot Less Rock and Roll). Listen to Linda.



ST-208



"Sha da da da
Sha da da da da,
Sha da da da
Sha da da da da,
Sha da da da
Sha da da da da,
Sha da da da
Sha da da da da,
Yip yip yip yip
Yip yip yip yip
Mum mum mum mum
Mum mum
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RECORDS



STEVE NELSON

BY JON LANDAU

The Byrds roll on.

With the exception of the Beach Boys they must hold the American pop group record for longevity, even though Roger McGuinn is the only surviving member of the group that started out in L.A., in 1964. Despite the endless personnel changes, the Byrds have remained the Byrds from beginning to end, which is to say that Roger McGuinn, despite the fact that he changed his name, remains Roger McGuinn.

While there is an underlying consistency to all their work, they have the capacity to grow in a way uncommon on the pop scene. They are always pushing themselves on to the next plateau, even with one eye glancing at their past.

The contrasts in the group's history were highlighted at a unique engagement at the Boston Tea Party, February 20-23. On that weekend, the Byrds were featured on the same program with the Flying Burrito Brothers, a newly-formed group comprised entirely of people who have either gigged with or were at one time members of the Byrds.

The engagement was concurrent with the release of the Byrds' eighth (and excellent) new album, *Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde*. Throughout the weekend they received frequent ovations from a warm and affectionate audience.

Roger McGuinn was delighted with the gig, saying that the weekend had been beautiful for him and the other members of the group. "For the first time," he believes, "the Byrds are better live than on record." This new found success at performing is related to changes in McGuinn's own attitude; he seems more at peace than in the past. He is now 100% owner of the group (when Hillman was still there he owned 50%) and hires, at a fixed salary, the other Byrds. They are Gene Parsons on drums, John York on bass, and Clarence White on lead guitar.

With his new found control he is able to avoid some of the hassling and constant wars which have always exerted such a destructive influence on the Byrds

—particularly as it affected them on stage.

Similarly, McGuinn has recently taken over the management of the group explaining, "When you reach the stage the Byrds have, the only thing a manager does is answer the phone. So now, \$20 a month, I have an answering service and no manager. You save a lot of money that way."

Contributing to the overwhelming success of the weekend was the atmosphere engendered by the Boston Tea Party. That club goes to extraordinary lengths to provide conditions conducive to good performing. For example, despite the club's capacity of around 1000 (pitifully small for a rock club) and the fact that at least double that number of people showed up on Friday and Saturday nights, the club's management refused to turn people out after one show. The club's policy is "people pay to stay all night."

Club manager Don Law explains:

"There is no question that in the short run we could be making more money by going to a two show policy, but we would lose the spirit of the place. A good act needs to have the same audience all night to stretch out, to do things it doesn't normally do. We try to encourage that."

It is by this approach of encouraging spontaneity that the Tea Party avoids formalizing the presentation of rock. The featured group doesn't feel bound to do its "one show set," the one set that most groups have ready when they are doing two or three shows in the evening. By the end of the weekend of such shows, most groups look like they are about to fall asleep on stage—if not that, then their efforts at looking involved with their material often appear contrived. The one-audience-a-night policy keeps the group from falling into a rut and encourages them to put out.

Which is why on the closing night of this gig, instead of the Byrds sounding tired, worn out, and bored, they were filled with enthusiasm and Roger McGuinn stood on the stage for an hour

and a half with most of the Burritos and all the Byrds and they did every song they could think of, and when they were done, and the audience overwhelmed them with applause, McGuinn came back with the Byrds and did another half hour.

Among the outstanding country numbers is "Old Blue," done in the arrangement Bob Gibson lined out five or six years ago. Seeing it listed on the album gave me a start but there is nothing sentimental or corny about the lilting vocal harmony or the marvelous lead guitar of Clarence White.

White is a long time flat picker who used to work in a bluegrass group called the Kentucky Colonels. He plays a Telecaster filtered through an attachment that makes it sound like a steel guitar. On the album he does a marvelous Doc Watson styled number—"Nashville West."

"Drug Store Truck Driving Man" is about a truck driver who is also a member of "Ku Klux Klan" and why he don't like me I don't understand." McGuinn spends a large amount of his spare time listening to the country stations as well as jazz, and spends virtually no time keeping up with rock scene in general.

Among the rock tunes, "King Apathy III" and "Bad Night at the Whiskey" are both exceptional. But whereas Johnston's production on the country cuts is perfect, the sound of the rock cuts is inadequate. The instrumental tracks are too fragmented: the bass sticks out too much, the drums don't cut across the way they do live, and the rhythm is not consistent enough. The amazing power of the Byrds vocals are reduced to the status of vocal ornaments. Also, on record, Clarence White is a somewhat hit or miss lead. He is always first rate on the country cuts but lacks consistency on rock tunes. In particular the album track of "Wheels On Fire" suffers as a result.

Before seeing the group live I played this album several times and loved it without qualification. The various flaws became evident only after seeing the

group perform and hearing how much better they do everything live. After digging six sets of them in one weekend, the album becomes a mere "souvenir of a concert," as McGuinn himself puts it.

The Byrds are that good live.

On Thursday night—opening night—they started off with a medley which grabbed me at once: it included in entirety "Turn, Turn, Turn," "Mr. Tambourine Man," and "8 Miles High." McGuinn refers to the medley as the "nostalgia trip," and enjoys doing it when people respond, "even though it sometimes seems like writing the same sentence 1000 times in a row."

What struck me is how much the Byrds, despite White's country guitar, sound like the original records. That similarity is but another confirmation of the importance McGuinn has always had in shaping the identity of the group. For it seems that he can take any three musicians who want to do it, and teach them to play "byrds."

The evidence for this dates all the way back to the recording of "Mr. Tambourine Man." McGuinn says he was the only member of the original Byrds to play on that cut. Everything but his 12 string was done by L.A. studio musicians, mostly Lou Adler's regular crew, including Hal Blaine on drums. At that session the studio crew also cut the track for the flip side of "Tambourine," "I Knew I'd Want You." However, when it came to recording the album, everyone decided they would rather do it themselves, hence the other tracks on the album were all done by the real Byrds.

If one now goes back and compares the apparent "studio musician cuts" against the "Byrd cuts," there are practically no discernible differences in style, which indicates how much direction McGuinn was giving to both studio musicians and Byrds. It also explains why the new Byrds are able to play the old Byrds music with such sensitivity. The Byrds are style—primarily McGuinn's style—and each successive group of Byrds has mastered it.

—Continued on Page 16

Of course after the first album David Crosby was to exert an ever greater influence on the group, as did all the other Byrds. But the part of the old Byrds that McGuinn still does on stage is the part he created.

At the end of one set someone called out for him to do "Mind Gardens"; he looked at the person with an "are you kidding" sneer on his face.

"How about 'Chewy, Chewy'?" he inquired. "Mind Gardens" was a Crosby creation and is known by many Byrd aficionados as the permanent Byrds' bummer. In talking about old Byrds' albums McGuinn asked me what I thought of it. I told him it had come close to ruining the second side of *Younger Than Yesterday* for me.

He looked at me blankly for a moment and said "We tried to convince him of that at the time but he was sure it was right for the album. Now, I think even he thinks it was a mistake."

After the opening medley, the Byrds went through 11 additional songs. They don't believe in the current vogue of doing four ten minute songs as a set. "Too much chaff," says McGuinn. He prefers to do his tight little three minute songs and give people as many of them as possible. His performing repertoire includes over thirty songs.

Among the highlights of their live performance was "Wheels On Fire." McGuinn sings lead and gestures out some of the lines of the lyrics, while singing them. Clarence White stands perfectly still, looking, as always, petrified. At the chorus he and York join McGuinn and the vocal seems to cascade off the stage drowning out the instruments (do you believe that?) and engulfing everyone with its power.

They aren't fighting with you. There is no "wall of sound" between you and them. They play loud, but a beautiful loud—the kind of loud that draws you towards them. It all seems like an invitation to come along, like they are the original Tambourine Men.

The effect of the Byrds throughout the weekend was, as it should have been, cumulative and by Saturday even McGuinn seemed surprised at how responsive the audience was. Towards the end of the second set on Saturday night he asked Gram Parsons to sing "Hickory Wind" with them.

Eyes closed, Gram seemed to be entranced and in touch with his music in a way that he is not with the Byrds. That group is a competent, straightforward country band which lacks imagination. Each individual is an excellent musician but the collective sound is seldom satisfying. They generally lack McGuinn's ability to transcend the parochial in country with out cheapening the style. But Gram Parsons with the Byrds was beautiful on *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* and was beautiful that night.

Like everyone else on the stage, he was playing for himself.

On Sunday night the weekend culminated in an evening of perfect style. The Byrds' first set was as perfect as I have ever heard a rock band perform. They began with their lovely version of "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere." At the end McGuinn asked the audience to "sing along." Again, that amazing ability to do something you couldn't accept from anyone else and make you respond; he seemed like the Pete Seeger of 1969 for a moment. From there they went through the material that was by now familiar to me but done with precision and complete effortlessness.

The Byrds followed but their set never really ended. After forty minutes, Gene Parsons took over for Michael Clark on drums and everyone else from both groups stayed on board. Everyone took turns singing the things they knew best. McGuinn did "Pretty Boy Floyd" and "I Like the Christian Life." Gram sang "Hickory Wind" and several others. Hillman offered "Time Between" from *Younger Than Yesterday*. Clarence White and Gene Parsons sang a haunting gospel tune together. John York did a beautifully soulful "Long Black Veil." You get the picture, I'm sure.

The best of it was "You Don't Miss Your Water." On the album, for some reason, McGuinn wound up singing the song even though it was Gram Parsons who had taught it to the group. Now Gram sang lead and the harmony between him and Roger was gorgeous in its flowing tranquility.

As is often the case in this kind of situation, things start out a peak of spontaneity and tend to decline as the

group gets farther away from its best material. Gradually the Byrds drifted off stage, leaving things to the Byrds. And the Byrds quickly shifted the energy level back to where it had been at the start with "Chimes of Freedom" and "So You Want to Be a Rock and Roll Star." When they thought they had finally exhausted the audience they did their best new piece of material, "Jesus Is Just All Right."

"Jesus" is a song McGuinn learned from Gram Parsons. It will probably be their next single and has the electrifying effect on an audience that Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" used to have. The song is a spiritual which is sung as a quartet. Parsons leads off the singing which is a *cappella*, except for drum accompaniment. He is gradually joined by each of the other Byrds. The instruments come in and the riff continues over a rock background. The arrangement goes back and forth between the two elements and on Sunday night it seemed like they did it forever and it still wasn't long enough.

"Jesus Is Just All Right" defines the brilliance of the Byrds. They take a song with lyrics which might ordinarily seem campy to the average rock fan and infuse them with a spirit that touches everyone. They extract, from what might otherwise be a dated Southern hymn, the joyfulness and optimism which is a part of all religion and they allow you to participate in it.

Again they are pulling you into something. They transcend the quaintness of the song's background and give it that Byrds touch which simultaneously reduces and elevates everything it encompasses.

After that they made a fast exit, but obviously people weren't going to let them get away. Back they came. This time McGuinn just strummed a few chords and, "I think I'm going back..." The other parts slowly fell into place and the song gently but continuously built up to its "la-la-la" chorus. And then through a seemingly endless procession of largely obscure Byrds material ending with "Mr. Spaceman" and then good-bye.

The Byrds left most of the people there with a memory of the kind of thing an audience sees all too rarely. For during that weekend the Byrds were renewing their energy, spirit, and music. In a sense they were being reborn.

What made it so meaningful was that it was not just the Byrds whose spirit was being renewed but also that of the audience. There were no spectators at this spectacle. Everyone was a mid-wife. It's so much nicer that way.



Moby Grape '69 (Columbia CS 9646)

It isn't often that the liner notes of a rock album take the form of an apology, although many should. But on *Moby Grape '69*, such is the case. They begin with a revelation of man's inhumanity to man in the recording industry followed by a contrite report of how we, the public, had been horn-swoggled by *Moby Grape* up until the present. But now, say the notes, we can expect from the Grape, "nothing... but the music and the mutual respect and feeling from which the music springs—pure, honest, and with a most hopeful eye toward the future." So says producer David Robinson who also admits to having aided in the hype in the first place.

What a colossal waste of honesty.

Now, Robinson is a good producer (*Moby Grape*, *Taj Mahal*), good enough to know that if the music is good, it'll stand by itself. And, a statement such as his might seem to be just a continuation of the Big Hype.

The most anomalous feature of the whole business is that *Moby Grape '69* is a good album. Some of it is very good. With the exception of the tripe served up on *Wow*, *Moby Grape* has al-

ways exhibited a musical honesty that resulted in some of the solidest rock going. And this album is almost as solid as their first which was a great record in anyone's book.

Although the five original members of the Grape recorded this album, Skip Spence quit drumming for them shortly after the recording and, for some reason, is not pictured or mentioned, although he is credited with writing one of the songs.

Still, all those elements of the Moby Grape style that made them among the first, and still among the best San Francisco bands is right out in front on this record.

One of those elements is power, and in Bob Mosley's "Trucking Man," they've got one of the most powerful cuts to come down the pike since "Great Balls of Fire." They even do justice to Jerry Lee Lewis with a heavy pumping piano in the last part of the song. Listen to the lyrics and it sounds like a rather simpleminded hymn to truck drivers everywhere. But, it hardly matters because it *sounds* like a truck driving song. Not a real trucker's song like Dave Dudley or Red Sovine would sing, but our idea of a truck song, and that's what makes it good.

Another great thumping cut is "Ooh Mama Ooh." Pure rock n' roll and pure enjoyment. It also expresses, convincingly, what was attempted in the notes:

"Rock n' roll was bringin' me down.

Now I'm coming home."

When Moby Grape does a pretty song, it's real pretty. If you liked "8:05," on the first album, then you'll love "It's A Beautiful Day Today," also by Bob Mosley. The song's beauty is derived from the sound: the way the guitars are tuned, and the way it's sung, deeply and cleanly. While the song may bring to mind shades of Peter, Paul and Mary, it's in no way syrupy or glossy. The man who doesn't like this song's got to be pretty hard-assed, indeed.

Those are the high points. The rest of the album is pure Grape. That is, it's got that country-rock sound that they devised and evolved considerably before other rock groups jumped into country music. And, it is their own sound and not some anemic imitation of country with a heavy drums and bass.

Vocally, Moby Grape is as strong as just about any American group. Instrumentally, they're solid as can be and not terribly adventurous. Lyrically, they wax from humorous to hard to inane. Altogether, they're very good. They should get better.

Now, if only they would stop washing their dirty laundry on the backs of their records...

ALEC DUBRO



Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band's Greatest Hits (Vanguard VSD-79285)

Vanguard Records seem to have a particular fondness for the modern-day jug/skiffle/rag kind of band. This album, by a Berkeley group, follows right on the heels of Jim Kweskin and Country Joe both musically and material-wise. This similarity might be heightened by the appearance of Chicken Hirsch of the Fish on four tracks. However, as a whole, the group still has some developing to do.

The album opens with "Goofus," a bouncy, good-timey kind of vaudeville piece that features a vintage-sounding mandolin duet tempered with a strident mouth-harp. It is short and wry with excellent technical balance of voice and instruments.

"Where Do We Go From Here" is a breezy yet profound number that works because of its light-heartedness—it is lyrically simple yet lucid and one notices instantly Hirsch's textured brush-drumming technique. And where do you go from a barrel of lollipops and a cold glass of beer? Beer?

"Chinese New Year Waltz" is in the cornball humor vein, but it's running a

good thing into the ground. The next cut, however, entitled "Lotus Blossom," is an about-face of style as well as technique. It is a chillingly slow-paced, mystical kind of piece that vividly shows off Annie Johnston's clear voice. Dig the Nina Simone sort of rasp in her throat on this cut in particular—that hushed yet hysterical quality. Again there is a remarkable blending of voice and instruments, lead guitar in this case. They take their time on this cut, yet one doesn't mind. It lingers.

The final cut on the first side, "Altitudinous Youthful Deviant Number 468 (Do It Up)," is a satiric re-doing of an early Sixties minor rock hit entitled "Long Tall Texan." It is now getting a lot of FM air-play and features a brilliant tongue-in-cheek vocal (echoes of the Coasters and the Mothers) with a Jim Kweskin/Fats Waller kind of verve throughout. . . . "I dreamed about a reefer five-foot long—do it up—Panama Red so you can't go wrong . . ."

The second side is meatier and begins with an inventive piece, "Who Will Buy the Wine?" We have echoes of Pat Sky again at the outset that leads into a Byrds-like country-and-western sounding cut—with dobro and fiddle orgasming among behind between the plaintive lyrics. Who wants second-hand goods, indeed! It's eleven o'clock, where the hell are you?

After a couple of weak cuts, "Tonight You Belong to Me" begins like a breath of fresh air but somehow doesn't go anywhere—a burst of kazoo replaces the flute here—it is mercifully short.

However, "Stop My Heart With Joy" is pure, is a full moon, is worth the price of the album. Miss Johnston's lilting voice here is masterfully coupled with excellent mouth-harp and adequate drums/guitar. Turn this cut up loud and let her pluck at your sleeve: "Sometimes that man is wild/Sometimes he ain't nothing but a child . . . But when everything rings true/When everything is brand-new—It's sure to stop my heart with joy . . ."

This leads into a nice closing piece entitled "Let Me Loose." It is an up-tempo cut again featuring Miss Johnston's voice although here in a not-quite-so-effective vein. It is no "Story-Book Ball" or "Richland Woman" but it's an adequate closing for an adequate album.

All in all, the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band possesses little of the gusto, verve and animalism present in both Kweskin's band and Country Joe and the Fish but, given time, they could feel quite good. And, even until then, there is certainly a place for their cool, naked together pennywhistle kind of sounds.

GARY VON TERSCH



Kick Out the Jams, MC-5 (Elektra 74042)

Whoever thought when that dirty little quickie *Wild in the Streets* came out that it would leave such an imprint on the culture? First the Doors (who were always headed in that direction anyway) grinding out that famous "They-got-the-guns-but-we-got-the-numbers" march for the troops out there in Teenland, and now this sweaty aggregation. Clearly this notion of violent, total youth revolution and takeover is an idea whose time has come—which speaks not well for the idea but ill for the time.

About a month ago the MC-5 received a cover article in *ROLLING STONE* proclaiming them the New Sensation, a group to break all barriers, kick out all jams, "total energy thing," etc. etc. etc. Never mind that they came on like a bunch of 16 year old punks on a meth power trip—these boys, so the line ran, could play their guitars like John Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders played sax!

Well, the album is out now and we can all judge for ourselves. For my money they come on more like Blue Cheer than Trane and Sanders, but then my money has already gone for a copy

of this ridiculous, overbearing, pretentious album; and maybe that's the idea, isn't it?

The set, recorded live, starts out with an introduction by John Sinclair, "Minister of Information" for the "White Panthers," if you can dig that. The speech itself stands midway between *Wild in the Streets* and Arthur Brown. The song that follows it is anticlimactic. Musically the group is intentionally crude and aggressively raw. Which can make for powerful music except when it is used to conceal a paucity of ideas, as it is here. Most of the songs are barely distinguishable from each other in their primitive two-chord structures. You've heard all this before from such notables as the Seeds, Blue Cheer, Question Mark and the Mysterians, and the Kingsmen. The difference here, the difference which will sell several hundred thousand copies of this album, is in the hype, the thick overlay of teenage-revolution and total-energy-thing which conceals these scrapyards of clichés and ugly noise.

"Kick Out the Jams" sounds like Barret Strong's "Money" as recorded by the Kingsmen. The lead on "Come Together" is stolen note-for-note from the Who's "I Can See for Miles." "I Want You Right Now" sounds *exactly* (down to the lyrics) like a song called "I Want You" by the Troggs, a British group who came on with a similar sex-and-raw-sound image a couple of years ago (remember "Wild Thing?") and promptly disappeared into oblivion, where I imagine they are laughing at the MC-5.

LESTER BANGS



Neil Young (Reprise RS 6317).

This album by Neil Young (formerly of the Buffalo Springfield) and various friends is a flowing tributary from the over-all Springfield river of twangs, breathless vocals and slim yet stout instrumentation. Especially vivid is Young's sense of melancholy and the ingenious clusters of images he employs in his lyrics (printed in full). In particular, one could very easily view this disc as an extension of Young's work on the *Buffalo Springfield Again* album, especially his compositions "Expecting to Fly" and the gaping "Broken Arrow," which closes the album.

This solo disc opens with "The Emperor of Wyoming," an instrumental which sets the tone musically for the side in a high-flying yet whining sort of way. It has that definite Springfieldian touch to it like wind between rocks or the people you see in dreams.

"The Loner" is a contemporary lament that features a nice blending of Neil's guitar with strings in non-obtrusive fashion, allowing Young's balanced ice-pick vocal to chip effectively at the listener. The stance and imagery are much the same as in the earlier "Expecting to Fly."

The next two selections are pieces of the same puzzle. "If I Could Have Her Tonight" is a slow, crystal-like effort. It features a heavy drum line, Byrds-like guitar and mellow lyrics that all together add up to that unique sense of melancholy yet joy in melancholy which the Springfield captured so well and which Young just continues doing. Like standing in all four corners of the night. "I've Been Waiting for You" is an extension of the theme, with a tinkly piano and organ.

The side ends with a longish song entitled "The Old Laughing Lady" that is so close to, yet so far apart from, Young's earlier song "Broken Arrow." A quivering piano and a halting string section move around and around the melody line, here peeking between his words, there showing sky between his phrasings. The two pieces also have a series of mood/tone changes between verses—the strings, for instance, get increasingly lush and fuller in "Laughing Lady." The fade-out piano chord here

is similar to the heartbeat fade-out on the earlier piece. The main difference between the two can be tersely put: the latter piece is tighter, more mature and has more of the quiet explosion to it that Young obviously intends.

The second side opens with a diminutive Jack Nitzsche piece entitled "String Quarter From Whiskey Boot Hill." It is a slow, deliberate ethereal introduction to Neil's vocal on "Here We Are in the Years." Musically the piece is string-dominated and very lush and full with Neil's voice incising between—the scraping fade-out says it all.

"The Last Trip to Tulsa" closes the album. It is nine minutes long and is the most stylistic, anti-Springfield piece on the album. Here we have only Young's chameleon voice and guitar—no strings, drums or piano. It proceeds to build from verse to verse—the vocal gets wider, the guitar more abandoned, more wanton. An innovative close to, in many ways, a delightful reprise of that Springfield sound done a new way.

GARY VON TERSCH

Nashville Airplane Flatt & Scruggs



Nashville Airplane, Flatt and Scruggs (Columbia CS 9741).

This album could just as easily be called *Changin' Times Volume 2*. It is Flatt and Scruggs' second album of contemporary songs and generally it is a far more satisfying effort than the first: Earl Scruggs' banjo, kept in the background on much of the earlier album, is more successfully integrated with the contemporary arrangements, and the monotonous harmonica work has been dropped.

Unfortunately they have chosen, for the most part, only the well known or hit songs of the young urban writers, thereby overlooking their lesser known but equally relevant songs. It would be more interesting to hear their Bluegrass style embellish some songs other than the well known standards offered.

They employ back-up musicians on this album. Ken Buttrey's drumming is particularly effective. Among others credited are Earl Scruggs' sons Gary, vocal and tambourine, and Randy, 12-string guitar and five-string dobro.

But the star is Earl and his five-string banjo. Bob Dylan's "Rainy Day Women" has been given a complete face lifting and comes off as a breezy little banjo tune. It is certainly a welcome transition. "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" sounds so authentic one could easily mistake it for a Flatt and Scruggs original. (Unfortunately this is not the case with Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone," which is not suited for a Country arrangement.)

Buffy Sainte-Marie's "Universal Soldier" is not the kind of song you would expect to hear at the Grand Ole Opry (neither is "Rainy Day Women" for that matter). But then another "Country" singer by the name of Glen Campbell (or is he a folk singer now?) recorded it about three years ago. At any rate this tired old protest song, with some excellent banjo work by Scruggs, sounds surprisingly good.

Possibly the album's best cut is Tim Hardin's well known "If I Were a Carpenter." Lester Flatt's voice is actually beautiful as it weaves through a smooth arrangement. It was like hearing it for the first time. Curiously, John Hartford's fine composition "Gentle on My Mind" sounds old and is a bit of a disappointment.

There are a couple of sleepers. Norm Stephens' "Long Road to Houston" is solid Nashville, and rates favorably with the songs of the better known urban writers presented on the album. For Scruggs picking at its best there's a rousing instrumental called "Frieda Florentine" (who?) composed by Gary Scruggs. If you're the "citybilly" type who never gets tired of these kinds of songs, this is for you. TOM DIEMER



Guitar Sounds from Lenny Breau (RCA Victor, LSP 4076)

Lenny Breau is not the heaviest guitarist to come down the road in recent memory. On the contrary, he is one of the most tender, one of the most understated, a young man who somehow manages to imbue his electric guitar with as delicate and mellow a sound as if it were an acoustic model. The electricity and his own temperament lead his playing a muscularity and quiet power reminiscent of jazz pianist Bill Evans.

Principally a jazz LP, most of the nine songs derive from rock ("Don't Think Twice, It's All Right") and pop-billy ("King of the Road"), and part of the fascination in hearing an imaginative player like Breau lies in how he reinterprets each song so that you hear it as if for the first time. Breau—while he's still in the process of defining his sound/style—has that gift.

"King of the Road" is at once strong, tender and thumping, as Breau jiggles up through a series of modulations; funny, but, unlike the Roger Miller original, not silly. "Don't Think Twice" builds into a lyrical, lilting groove. "Hard Day's Night" is funky, deceptively low-pressure, driving. Chet Atkins co-produced the album, which may explain its faintly country ring; and in a bow to Atkins, Breau takes "Freight Train" on a multi-colored trip, with moods shifting from moment to moment—flamenco to breakdown to jazz and back again.

It's not a stone perfect album. Breau sometimes gets a little slippery on that flamenco stuff, and there are moments when you wish the rhythm section (bass and drums) would break out of their gentle approach and dig in and wail. Neither is Breau the individual voice Wes Montgomery was; yet this LP satisfies in a way most of Montgomery's—which also used pop/rock songs—failed to. Montgomery too often curtailed his immense talent (on record) in the hope that a diluted product would appeal to the greatest number of consumers. Breau's direction is just the opposite. Within the pop/country, rock/jazz frame he has set for himself, you feel Breau extend himself to the fullest. A handsome first effort.

JOHN BURKS



Lenny Bruce: The Berkeley Concert (Double LP—Reprise S6329)

The Berkeley Concert is a godsend for Bruce fans: the first unedited, uncensored Bruce performance available. Needless to say, there will be those who buy it for the profanities, and they'll be amply rewarded with a scattered array of "shits," "assholes," and "cunts." I humbly suggest they save their money; this is not what Lenny Bruce was all about.

The beautiful thing about Bruce was the genuine rapport he was able to achieve with an audience, and Frank Zap-

pa—by releasing the tape uncut—has managed to retain the complete strength of that rapport. By the time you sit back to hear side two, the profanities have become irrelevant. The experience is more like listening to a close friend discuss his hang-ups than a performer in front of two thousand people. The effect is startling.

While in the first half of the album Bruce's comments deal pretty much with the American legal system, sides three and four are notable for the diversity of the subjects involved. Faggots, midgets, divorce, Alaska, tits; you get the impression the entire American way of life is being destroyed before your unbelieving ears. The highlight, however, is an obviously ad-libbed bit in which Bruce thumbs through a copy of Photoplay magazine and comments on the articles. It is here that his genius shines brightest.

Much has been written concerning the free-form style of Bruce's comedy. Unfortunately, this tends to be a bit of a hindrance on record. For example, at one point Bruce begins by comparing the Catholic church to a Howard Johnson's franchise, stops, and then says, "and I think that's what we're doing in Viet Nam." This has obviously made sense to Bruce, but the listener is left trying to complete the connection. It is only after several playings that we learn to keep up with Bruce's mind.

Lenny Bruce: The Berkeley Concert is not an easy album to listen to; it requires attention. But to steal an old cliché, it's like good wine—it ripens with age. That's certainly better than the already over-abundant supply of LPs which sound promising at first, but quickly deteriorate into dullness. Buy it.

RONALD HAYES



Goodbye, Cream (Atco SD 7001)

"What a Bringdown." The last title of (probably) the final Cream album serves as a capsule summation of *Goodbye* and, indeed, the whole Cream mess. Certainly Jack, Eric, and Ginger deserved a better fate.

Goodbye is not a very worthwhile album. Critics will probably tear it apart, while even bonafide Cream Freaks will have to be a little disappointed. It's like the once-famous tycoon who dies an anonymous pauper; it's just a bad way to go out.

The studio version of "I'm So Glad" from *Fresh Cream* is far superior to the live one. What melody the song had is lost as Jack and Eric get involved in a shouting match. "Politician" wasn't an overly brilliant song in the first place, and the live recording doesn't improve upon the original version. "Sittin' on Top of the World" is the best of the live cuts; it is dominated by Jack with a convincing vocal and a creaky bass. Eric comes in with a flash of guitar at the end; it all fits together tightly.

As for the studio cuts, they are plagued with the same fault which hindered *Wheels of Fire*. Cream was best at playing blues; however, none of the stuff they wrote was blues. Hence, whether or not they work depends largely upon the taste of the individual. If you're a fan of pure, simple blues you won't like these; however, if you can appreciate a few studio effects, they'll be quite listenable.

A double-tracked vocal helps Eric on "Badge," while a guy named L'Angelo Misterioso adds rhythm guitar. Felix Pappalardi plays piano and mellotron on "Doin' That Scary Thing." And Jack Bruce abandons his bass guitar for piano and organ on "Bringdown."

There's a little nostalgia here; buy the record, listen to it, and hang the poster on your wall. And shed a quiet tear—not for Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, or Ginger Baker, but for Cream.

Goodbye.

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BLUES GUITARIST, drums and bass wanted to do Chicago blues. No Beatle or Cream fans wanted. Call 589-5468, 195 Poplar Ave., San Bruno, Calif.

DRUMMER AVAILABLE for country or blues band. Double on blues harp. Ben the Drummer—PY 8-6848, New York.

DRUMMER, 16, with experience and good equipment, wants to join good rock group. Marc—KI 7-2320, Bronx.

VERY ESTABLISHED S.F. hard rock group seeks technically excellent drummer who is fast and heavy with good or adaptable head. Jim Nixon—832-5059, San Francisco.

YOUNG GUITARIST, 17, needs drummer, bass, rhythm or lead guitar, ages 16-19, singing desirable. Want to form young band the really cooks, scat-rock and jazz. David Jenkin—673-4958, 1031 Greenwich St. Apt. 3, San Francisco.

EXCEPTIONALLY MUSICAL all-girl band seeks talented, attractive bass player, organist able to handle good bass line; free to travel, over 18. H. Alonso, 4 Chambers Street, Princeton, NJ. JoAnn—PI 5-0355, Philadelphia.

SERIOUS GUITARIST/singer (21) seeks group with heavy Moby Grape overtones, or form same. Must be over 18 and sing. Chuck—748-0133, Bloomfield, NJ.

TALENT SOUGHT for Simon & Garfunkle-like musical team (off-limits to fruits, weirdos and flaks). Send list of musical tastes & abilities, photo, tape (3% ips) to Don Fellman—6741 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, NY.

EXPERIENCED GUITARIST looking for cats or kitties to make music! Blues, rock, jazz. Prince Michael—848-8472, Berkeley.

LEAD SINGER, 21, needs good, dependable lead guitarist, bassist, drummer & organ to form tight group. Must be willing to move to the hills. Joe—863-7267, San Francisco.

TWO FLUTES—1) Haynes openhole C flute 2) Gemeinhardt alto flute—taken from Burgertown, Berkeley, Feb. 6. We will do whatever it takes to recover them, as they cannot be replaced. Reward, ransom, whatever—no questions. Bob Clair—849-3088 or Crockett 1089, West, Box 14E, Crockett, Calif.

ESTABLISHED BAY area rock band needs reliable equipment/road manager, over 21. Experience preferred, unnecessary if your head is in right place. Ted Gherke—861-0142 (days), San Francisco.

ELECTRIC PIANIST, 18, looking for gigs with good working blues or rock jamming band. 12 years classical training. John—489-2655, Boston.

FEMALE SINGER looking for established group to work with. If interested and serious, call Sue—831-9081, Los Angeles.

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VISUAL EQUIPMENT and imaginative people needed for new lightshow. Leon Morris—488-1474, 2815 Ocean Front Walk, San Diego, Calif.

REED & CORNET player wants gig with R&B/"jump" blues-oriented group. Travel OK. Larry—345-0676, Los Angeles.

ROAD/EQUIPMENT manager—experienced, 7 years R&R musician, 2 years on road. Drivers license, draft-free—Kurt Palomaki—863-4531, 4055 19th St., San Francisco.

BASS, ORGANIST, lead guitar needed to start group in Santa Clara Valley. No experience necessary—own equipment, over 18. Rich Barenchi—247-0347, 1080 Clyde Ave., Apt. 3, Santa Clara, Calif.

COMPOSER/DRUMMER needs lead guitarist for progressive hard rock blues

band (uh-huh); also place in NY area to practice during summer. Material is worth recording. Ray—376-4429, Springfield, N.J.

SERIOUS BLUES bassist looking to get together with musicians in NYC area. Chuck—(516) 676-8247, New York.

VERY GOOD lead guitarist, 18, looking for group for weekend jamming, eventual money-making. Dig early rock and roll, seeking new approaches & ideas. Fred—282-4325, Brooklyn.

ORGANIST, HAMMOND owner, experienced in soul, hard rock, free jazz, seeks hard-driving group that's not afraid to stretch out. Crazy Lee—845-8698 before noon or 5-7 PM, Berkeley.

FEMALE DRUMMER, needs female organist, lead guitarist for all-female group. Serious. Morley—324-7254, 4 Washington Court, Apt. 5B, Stamford, Conn.

DETERMINED DRUMMER, 7 years' experience, doubles on rhythm guitar, organ, seeks established group or one determined to make it. Give me a chance and I will prove it. Clay Stapleton—(304) 336-5857, Box 62—Room 320, Bartel Hall, WLSC, West Liberty, West Virginia.

WANTED—MALE lead singer. San Francisco rock group recording on major label needs belting singer, able to deliver a song, willing to travel. Harry—235-9842, Richmond.

ORGANIST, LEAD singer needed for newly formed R&B group (14-16). Eric Cardonick—FI 2-4314, 1127 Wellington St., or Jack Rosenbloom—DE 8-2966, 2306 Vista St., Philadelphia.

SINGER, WIDE range, power, draft-exempt, looking for work or jam. Can help almost anybody. Tom Jr.—225-8038, R.D. 2, Cottage Rd., (Lake) Carmel, N.Y.

UNBELIEVABLY SMART singer, can talk; think, shout, croon, etc., and so on, et al., and travel; powerful! Reitney Fame is my name—510 Old County Rd., Ben Lomand, Calif.

BLUES SINGER needed with big voice. If you're not dynamite, forget it. Pro's only, no dopers. Mark—761-2032, North Hollywood, Calif.

TAURUS FEMALE vocalist wants to join or form group in SF area. Patti—757-3953, Antioch, Calif.

SINGING DRUMMER wants to join or form versatile group with new ideas. Preferably experienced musicians. Dennis—245-4489, Wakefield, Mass.

"CHANGES"—SERIES of non-commercial rock dance-concerts needs heavy people to play for light bread, good vibrations, exposure. Money goes to establish East Village Free Medical Center. Joe McHugh—291-0106, 39 Hillside Rd., Atlantic Highlands, N.J.

BASS GUITARIST—exp. in recording, free to travel, prefer rock-bules group. Howard Hradek—823-4583, Santa Rosa, Calif.

MUSICIAN NEEDS gig, of course, but would dig to jam. Play all keyboards, especially electric piano. Scott—621-5294, San Francisco.

BLUES GUITAR player would like to do good blues; can adapt to rock, I guess. Alan H.—2332 Grove St., Apt. E., Berkeley.

ORGANIST/PIANIST, into classics and hard rock, wanted for group recording originals. Must be creative. Bob Flood—354-4513, 530 Monterey Ave., Los Gatos, Calif.

KEYBOARDIST, BASS guitarist needed to complete group, mainly weekends. Prefer 17-22, musically openminded and elastic, B'klyn area or lower Manhattan. Alan—763-0784, evenings (7-10) or weekends, Brooklyn.

REWARD FOR info or return of twin-reverb and handmade acoustical guitar (inscription inside: January-1968), stolen January 27 in front of old Fillmore. Jewkes—479-2774, 22 Washington Ave., San Rafael, Calif.

SUPERHEAVY ELECTRIC flute/tenor player, also sings. Dig blues, jazz, a little of everything. David Bruce—386-5649 after 3, c/o De Loche, 437 Cole St., San Francisco.



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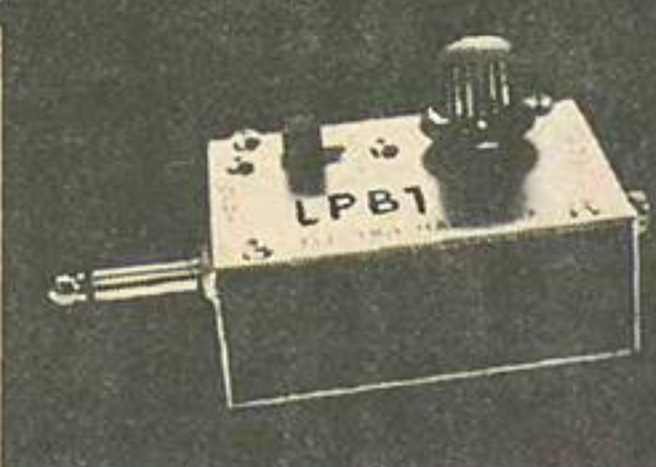
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AMERICAN REVOLUTION 1969



JAN NACIO BROWN

'The Sound of Marching, Charging Feet'

Like it or not, we have reached a point in the social, cultural, intellectual and artistic history of the United States where we are all going to be affected by politics. We can no longer ignore it. It threatens our daily lives and our daily happinesses. The new political movements we feel all around us can no longer be left at the periphery of the artistic consciousness.

Our black population and our student population have finally deluded themselves sick and tired of desolation row and finished with the old folks home at the college. The blacks and the students are our brothers and they are doing something which we must take awareness of. And we must participate in it because they are fighting a fight against our enemies, even if our participation is just by the fact of awareness itself.

These new politics are about to become a part of our daily lives, and willingly or not, we are in it.

Michael Rossman, who wrote the lead piece in this special issue, is an old friend of mine from Berkeley college days when he was one of the top four people in the Free Speech Movement. Then, as now, he was smoking and listening to rock and roll, and his article explains it beautifully and powerfully. George Mason Murray, who wrote the essay on the black struggle, is the Minister of Education of the Black Panther Party, and he is currently in jail. The photography is brutal and bloody, but it has the beauty of strength.

Thus, ROLLING STONE has a special issue about something hopefully titled "The American Revolution—1969."

—Jann Wenner

Michael Rossman has been active in student politics since the beginning of the Sixties. He was involved in the successive waves of activity at Berkeley, notably the FSM, and is now a consultant to educational reform movements on many campuses.

BY MICHAEL ROSSMAN

Last month in Ohio I watched 200 Oberlin College students play with spontaneous anger and destruction in a "free environment" developed by some hip architect-travelers from Texas. Since then, Oberlin students have been suspended for a disruptive protest against Marine recruitment on campus. In Iowa, I helped teach students guerrilla theater techniques and new learning-games. At the University of Michigan, I watched leaders of rival factions of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS)—split on the strategic question of whether to lead a direct-action attack against the school's language requirement—attempting to learn how to talk with one another.

Schools everywhere are alive with growth and tense with dread. The American Campus is the violent intersection of old and new.

Last week the University of Pennsylvania, Stillman College in Alabama, Princeton in New Jersey, Missouri, Notre Dame in Indiana, and a dozen other campuses moved into open conflict. The news media have discovered that there is another ghetto: It houses America's college youth and is coming alive with rebellion. Each day brings new headlines, news of new gladiators. Some fans can recite the statistics from memory; the current roster of campuses in turmoil; the up-to-date figures this year on how many National

Guardsmen called in; how many kids beaten, jailed, or suspended; total cost of felony bails; number and shock of bombings; success and significance of boycotts and strikes and betrayals.

At Champaign, Illinois, plain clothes cops were photographing me while I watched 400 white University of Illinois students debate a sit-in in defense of black brothers. The university's trustees decreed immediate expulsion for anyone guilty of disruption. The students decided on a new tactic: a "jam-in," to paralyze the telephone lines, deans' offices, cafeteria, library, and so on, simply by using their own weight of numbers and people to overload them beyond capacity. Legal disruption, in a word, the first serious experiment with a new tactic to replace the sit-in. I argued for the "jam-in," which had been conceived originally in Berkeley during the November 1966 strike.

The next day an SDS traveler came down from SDS's national office in Chicago to denounce me as a CIA agent. Simultaneously the right-wing Chicago Tribune was splashing my name over its front page as an "outside agitator."

Paranoia strikes deep, sing the Buffalo Springfield, into your life it will creep . . .

But I'm neither an agent nor an agitator I am a campus traveler in the educational reform movement, a large but little-known branch of that great general movement for change among the young, whose most familiar aspects are political activism and the hippy thing. Maybe half a million people are involved in the "ed reform" movement now. Most are students

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DSX-50053

PRODUCED BY GABRIEL MEKLER





JEFF BLANKFORT

Chicago

making free schools, trying to change their institutions and find new ways to learn. As movements do, this one generates travelers and spreads itself by them. My traveling takes me to many colleges, and through a wide spectrum of people, from politicians to heads.

All of them are talking about violence. Everywhere the System has been responding with violence to attempts at change (not that our own hands are clean). Since I work with people learning to make change—educational, political, cultural, personal—everywhere I move behind the surface of violence.

I am sick with statistics and examples. I want to tell you what is happening in America, about why the violence will increase, and about some real reasons for fear.

Conflict at the Colleges

Black students at hundreds of colleges are demanding great jumps in black enrollment, special privileges and programs, and the creation of Black Studies Departments which they themselves can control. At San Francisco State College, a radically successful black students' strike has now gone into its second semester with white students moving in support of black demands.

The hard edge of the white student movement has gone even harder. Since its founding in 1962 (as an offshoot of the League for Industrial Democracy), the Students for a Democratic Society has grown to be the most important young white political group with over 300 local chapters and some 200,000 active sympathizers.

At first, SDS rhetoric and concerns centered around "participatory democracy." Then it became preoccupied by the Vietnam War. Now, largely in response to hard-line pressure from the Progressive Labor Party (with their acrid insistence on the importance of a worker/student alliance *a la France*), SDS has gone over to a stance based on an updated version of Marxism: direct attack on the total institution of American Imperialism.

On the campuses, this ideological hardening is expressed by sit-ins against Marine recruitment (at Oberlin in Ohio), against involvement in chemical and biological warfare research and other university roles in the Vietnam War Game (at Pennsylvania State University), and against the university's nature as a racist institution (at Brandeis in Waltham, Massachusetts).

Tactics and penalties for campus disruption are escalating. Black students everywhere have mastered the art of the coercive sit-in. Since administrators are still fairly reluctant to have them beaten or expelled from school, small groups of blacks are managing to force some real action for their demands.

At 8,000 student Duke University, the one hundred campus blacks led a boycott and sit-in that won them a black studies program and other changes in learning

and living conditions, including an all-black dormitory.

White tactics are less disciplined and effective than black ones, and often they are more desperate. They range from mass drink-ins of forbidden beer on the main quad (at Colorado State University), to disruptive mill-ins at Berkeley in vain defense of student leaders persecuted by the administration.

College authorities in general are becoming venomous to white students. At the University of Massachusetts, 32 protesters sitting-in against Dow Chemical's recruiters were busted by state troopers. Adminis-



NACIO BROWN

San Francisco State

trators have become trigger-hasty to order arrests. They often, as at Berkeley, over-rule pleas or rulings from proper faculty committees, and suspend or expel student "agitators."

This fall at Sonoma State College in California I watched two heavy black organizers effortlessly and insultingly mobilize a bewildered group of 50 white students—who wanted action, but had no program of their own, nor sense of their own manhood—into a support demonstration for the S.F. State strike.

Whites always feel under pressure to move into direct action as radical and heroic as the blacks. A deep and natural manhood-competition thing is happening between them. It is rendered a bit sour and off-balance by the white movement's lack of a focussed center or soul, and white direct-action is often clumsy, ill-prepared, and heavily punished.

Despite this, the action multiplies. There were organized student protests at more than 500 colleges in 1967/68, over issues ranging from control of dormitory rules to abolition of language requirements, to the endless war. Over half involved some kind of direct action: At perhaps 50 colleges students were arrested. In late 1968 and early 1969 disruptions have been more frequent, more various, and heavier. All the awakened energy of the young McCarthy horde, shocked and blunted in Chicago, has reappeared to join last year's momentum of bitterness and impatience for change.

Student protests have in common that:

Students are demanding power, control, and free-

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Teargas at Berkeley

FAT CROWLEY

dom in the institution of higher education that shapes and controls their lives. By organizing for autonomous student governments and free dormitory intervisitation, they are moving to control their political and social lives. By fighting against useless academic requirements and by developing new curricula in Free Universities, they are moving to control their education. By protesting racist admissions policies, Dow Chemical recruiters, and the Vietnam War, they are coming to use the colleges as a base and as a tool to change the larger society.

Increasingly, students are coming to realize that—in ways as diverse as designing machines to help agricultural business exploit chicano workers, and forcing their participation in a competitive grading system—the colleges participate actively in all of society's injustices and deform them as individual people. By fighting for free minority admissions policies and calling for courses that reflect their need to grow into new ways of knowing, students are beginning to demand that higher education fill the unmet needs of the people it processes.

But the colleges are an essential part of the total American system of exploitation and oppression and are reluctant to change. If an engineering department shifts their priorities to the task of producing livable cities, what will happen to the multibillion dollar aerospace industry, contending with armies of young engineers for fat government contracts? Male students must be kept to the grindstone with requirements and hurried through four lock-step years, or else the orderly system of military deferment and obligation will be disrupted, and too many malcontents will be allowed to escape scot-free, without even paying the price of a degree and integration into the economic order.

But as individual institutions, colleges are slow to change. Consider Berkeley, America's most prestigious public university. For five years, student demands for political freedom and their discontent with their education have made Berkeley the nation's most protest-prone campus. Yet during this time no significant institutional changes have been made. The school goes on, average faculty teaching load has dropped sixteen percent, and now National Guardsmen patrol the campus plaza with teargas machines.

As with the black liberation movement, the demand for change in the educational system grows rapidly more urgent and immediate. On every front—political, social, educational—the colleges cannot and do not want to meet the demand. Some easy concessions—like black studies programs at Duke, free dormitory hours at Denison University, pass/fail grading systems at Simmons in Boston—are finally being given. But they have come too late. They will not be enough.

The student demand for real power, freedom, and control will keep growing. It is impossible to meet without changing the entire institution of American higher education.

As everywhere in America, the channels of change on the campus are clogged. Requests disappear in a maze of administrative advisory and study committees, in endless delay. On the pinnacles of power stand inflexible presidents, arch-conservative faculty councils, trustees, and often the state legislature. None want change.

The rising desire for radical change is met on the campus as everywhere with immobility, repression, and violence. And in response, the determined and heartfelt force of the movement for change becomes violent itself, even as it continues to expand.

State of Other Campuses

America's 2700 colleges form a great youth ghetto with 7,000,000 inhabitants. Higher education itself is only one of a cluster of campuses now coming alive with violence and change.

After the media discovered the Haight-Ashbury in 1966, sister communities appeared in every major American city. The gift of the Haight's media-martyrdom was that a second great youth ghetto—a voluntary one—became visible. At first its talk was all of flowers and grass and music. But lately the rhetoric and action have gone hard in the hippy ghetto.

During pleasant nights in communes in San Francisco and Colorado, I watch friends oiling guns and learning how to load magazines; they offer to teach me to shoot. People are swiping dynamite, industrial sabotage mounts unreported in the press. In the Bay Area, we watched the unfolding drama of a year-long series of power-line bombings.

The Mafia and the law have moved in on grass and acid. The dealing scene, once warm and stable, has become increasingly turbulent and ugly. Hard drugs are rising fast, betrayals and burns and shootings increase. In Berkeley last summer, narks killed a suspected dealer in a hamburger stand shoot-out.

In New York, Digger Abbie Hoffman and friends dropped handfuls of dollar bills off the balcony at the Stock Exchange, watched the avid brokers scramble on the floor below. In a hundred cities now, digger spirits burn public dollars, stop traffic in anger and joy, pass out soup on City Hall's steps, desecrate flags into human clothing.

They violate deep rituals, and anger flares at them in return. A new form of street-theater is emerging, rich and flourishing in a thousand microdramas already passed into folklore—a new way of confronting a total System with its absurdities and people's real needs.

Spread by the example of SDS agit-prop groups—guerrilla actors who tend to appear suddenly in campus cafeterias, shooting Vietnamese peasants—on many campuses this "guerrilla theater" is beginning to surface in the classrooms and libraries. It is provocative, naked, and often arrested. So is the Living Theater, which has escaped New York and is now shaking up kids at small Ohio colleges—one of the many influences turning them on to notions of drama as disruptive and shaking as Aeschylus was in his time.

But the heaviest theater is still in the streets, the joint campus for the hip and political cultures. In the West, the first significant street-clashes between the young and the law came in early 1967, when cops fell upon anti-war demonstrators at Century Plaza in Los Angeles, and scattered crowds of teenyboppers along Sunset Strip.

The first active resistance came that fall, during an attempt by 6,000 to close the Oakland California Army Induction Center. After cops beat hundreds sitting in the doorways, we started making barricades



Agit-prop theater in Washington Park, New York

MICHAEL ROSSMAN



Oakland cop making bust during Stop the Draft Week



NACIO BROWN

and pelting them with debris, crying, *we are the people*. Since then, at least 60,000 kids in a dozen cities have clashed with cops in major engagements, and have learned to form groups to drag each other back from the tear-gas and clubs.

The issues on the street are various: the right to use it for festival, the right to a free political process, an end to imperialism. But the action is the same, and it is steadily growing more violent. Chicago was a quite typical example of the national brutality norm, shocking only because it was fairly well televised.

The Classroom of Street Violence is coming to be a major shared experience among America's white young. An old Movement maxim runs, "the quickest radicalizer is a cop's club." And it is true that nothing seems to confirm people in a change of values, or push them over the edge of that change, as directly and forcefully as does a police beating. The street experience may come to have an impact second only to that of music and drugs.

In many cities bands of neighbors or brothers, initially formed for self-defense on the street, are becoming semi-political "affinity groups," learning to work cooperatively, and moving underground in preparation for the repression that many see coming.

At the Intersection

Thus, campus violence is embedded in larger violence. It is part of the violence that flickers along the whole Intersection, where what's coming up meets what's going down.

Take me to a circus tent/where I can easily pay my rent and all the other freaks can share my cares . . . (Jefferson Airplane)

You'd better stop, hey!/what's that sound? everyone look that's going down . . . (Buffalo Springfield)

It will soon shake your windows/and rattle your halls for the times they are a-changing . . . (Dylan)

Cop killa freak, pow pow pow . . . (Mothers)

What's coming up began in the late 1950's with the political movements called Civil Rights and the New Left—to which, claims Fortune Magazine, 40% of America's college youth now pledge allegiance. It now broadens towards first a cultural and then a full social revolution. America is splitting. Expressed through her youth, a deep shift is occurring: a new culture with new attitudes and behavior is veering off at righteous angles and odds to the old one.

We all sense, often with resentful hope, that something's growing in America. But the speed and variety of growth are still startling. Every large city now holds a therapeutic youth-ghetto community like the vanished Haight. National networks of communes are beginning to come together, and to generate their own economic support.

Three hundred thousand students in 600 "free universities" on and off regular campuses are experimenting with new curricula and new ways of teaching, trying to build a new kind of educational institution.

A diverse and independent media-network has been established. Liberation News Service, the underground newspaper wire-service, serves more than a million readers. Branches of the guerrilla film group Newsreel are appearing in major cities. The type of serious rock station whose first example was KMPX in San Francisco (1967) is taking permanent and financially viable space on the nation's airwaves.

Meanwhile, according to official government estimates long outdated, at least 10,000,000 white youth smoke grass for pleasure and to change their lives. Some 2,000,000 young people have dropped acid and undergone psychotic breaks to learn that there are other ways of knowing than those taught in school. Youth has suddenly become defined as a political constituency, wooed by outside powers and beginning to generate its own leaders and programs. Youth political pressure has shifted the course of the State in Vietnam and helped to harden it at home.

And in less than a decade we have generated and lovingly consumed—and have been deeply shaped by—a great flowering of music, whose sheer bulk, variety and quality compare favorably with the whole output of the Renaissance.

Through all these changes runs a deep unity. The children of a total System that denies human needs are moving for power and freedom to build what they want. A mass consciousness is awakening. Students, and youth in general, are becoming aware of themselves as a class.

Like the black people, they are coming to see themselves as a class exploited and oppressed—forced by outside interests of power and money to labor on the colonial plantation of the campus, in preparation for their roles in service to the technological and capitalist economy.

Like the black people, they are learning to recognize brothers and band together. And like the blacks again, they are developing an independent cultural identity, and moving to build in their own self-interest.

Against this wave of consciousness and building, there is coming down a System: some say in its death throes, some say merely facing the ugly impossibilities of its contradictions at last.

The cities are quickly becoming unlivable, the air is choked with pollutants, the sea is befouled. Foreign liberation movements are threatening America's economic interests. A war whose frustrations will continue if it ever ends has led to political earthquakes. The economy sways dizzily and hiccoughs. Black frustration rises, the white Nixon government cuts back programs. The military grabs for the moon and extends a finger into the ocean. Wallace gets 13 percent of the vote, the country slides quickly right, police forces double in hard technology, Minute-men practice in the hills.

The Liberal mask America wore so well is slipping off. Her children are finding many languages to express their realization that she is an oppressive class society, anti-life and unstable—a total System that resists all real change.

The drama being acted out along the Intersection is becoming clear. America's children are into a deep change. It terrifies her. As their blind freaky growth continues, her killing response rises to the surface.

The action at the Intersection is the same in politics and education as on the streets of the City. We saw it when McCarthy kids, SDS, Yippies, and blacks converged on Chicago last August. Youth is being let on stage for rehearsals, and forced back with bayonets when it becomes clear that youth wants its own strange way. The image fled by television to China and France, where it was already familiar: for everywhere a mass

—Continued on Next Page

JEFF BLANKFORT



MICHAEL ROSSMAN

Carl Oglesby, former SDS president, at his leisure, composing a song

youth consciousness is developing. And everywhere the Authorities are terrified of losing control. Russia marches into Czechoslovakia, Daley into the Amphitheater, Reagan and Hayakawa over San Francisco State College.

But control is being lost indeed, on the campus as elsewhere. Grass and acid are entrenched and spreading on every campus, their use doubles every year. Though the War's lull seems in sight, campus draft-resistance centers are multiplying. The drop-out rate spirals. Campus travelers multiply, protest and growth spread by example, colleges flare like adjacent match-heads. The clearest avalanche warnings are given by the highschools, which are more active with protest now than colleges were three years ago. Highschool underground papers are so common that they are forming their own news services. Dozens of older Resistance groups are doing antiwar organizing on highschool campuses. Militant highschool students are traveling between schools in big cities, organizing simultaneous protests. The Federal Government intervened to quell highschool disorders in 19 cities last year. The Authorities grow increasingly terrified of losing control. A great repression gathers. On both sides violence multiplies its forms.

Let's be frank and simple. Violence, as the good brother says, is "as American as apple pie." America is just a killer culture, that's all. In the end, there's not much karmic difference between napalming Vietnamese, creating the black American's experience, or filling the lungs of dear chubby white children with smogs and carcinogenic tars. Amerika dishes out impartial death, with more if you ask for it by challenging her.

All-American Violence

We are used to thinking of violence as physical, but in Amerika most violence is transacted in words. And so the institutions of the word—advertising media, the educational system—are, with the military and the police, primary institutions of violence. Televised deodorant ads teach us that our natural smell is bad, everyone grows up terrified of his own freakiness, a secret nigger inside.

On the campus, students labor to raise the price of their sale into economic slavery. Their draft deferments are an essential link in a system of control, injustice, and violence. They are taught to use the intellect to fragment and divide, to legislate social control and construct engines of destruction. In the classroom, whipped on by the grading system and split sessions, students are conditioned to claw their brothers in competition for a smile. Harsh ivy grows on the

ivory tower, it covers a long deep wounding that only now is beginning to break into blood.

All Amerika is a campus ripe with invisible violence vibrations. She is also a culture in unprecedentedly massive and rapid transition: a culture breaking open. Everywhere along the break, along the Intersection, violence becomes visible. It is not new, it is only translated into a different form and exposed. The growing physical violence is the last and clumsy resort of a system of quiet violence and control, as it begins to break open under the gathered pressure of changes and needs it can neither deny nor satisfy.

So violence spills over at the Intersection of black and white, at the technological interface where men's jobs vanish from their hands (haven't you noticed union action is violent again?), where the freaky young try to inhabit the streets they grew up in, at the leading edge of theater, and all along the open surface of young radical politics.

Now, under the pressure of a rapidly growing movement for educational reform and political action, higher education is breaking open along the fault-line of the free university. And violence begins to appear on the campus.

But it is not simply a matter of a violent system blindly reacting to change with violence. The young have within themselves a deep and independent anger. (Will it, too, be inexhaustible?) For what marks all our institutions, beneath their calm surfaces of control, is that their subjects are tense with gathered stresses and unmet needs, and are full of pains and angers which they rarely express openly, and are mostly unknowing of.

So what comes out first when we move towards freedom, along with sometimes our love, is our anger. And nowhere more heavily than in education. In loosely-constructed experimental courses, 300,000 students have found that as soon as authority and control are relaxed in a learning-group, visible anger, long-conditioned and repressed, boils over, and must be dealt with *before* learning together can happen.

And in the colleges at large, every serious campus disturbance since the prototypical Free Speech Movement at Berkeley in 1964 has run on a mixture of political and educational discontent. In each we have seen groups of the best students act out a long deep fury—the living reflection of the massive frustrated boredom of the lecture-hall.

Until five years ago, no one thought to connect youth discontent with the colleges themselves as the source. Since then and increasingly, students have turned against the institution itself, coming to identify it as an enemy rather than as a benevolent

parent. The antiwar and black liberation movements have begun to teach them the ugly politics of higher education. Grass, acid, music and "head culture" generally have begun to tempt them with new options, alternative ways of living, learning and knowing. The stance of college authorities as stern parents in classrooms, dormitory and dean's office becomes increasingly impossible to bear.

A system of constant violence now becoming visible, an angry people growing towards freedom. Who believes that violence will not increase, or that a serious repression is not in store?

Strategies of Containment

The standard reaction to pressure for radical change is to buy it off. Across America, a strategy of campus containment is emerging, which reads: grant with relative grace the minor changes and options that don't endanger or change the system itself.

Suddenly there is a crucial shift of mood in the way school administrators respond to black demands. The trend is rapid towards recruiting more black students and making special programs. Yale and Duke have announced that Black Studies are intellectually worthy of honor as a separate discipline. Jerkwater colleges follow suit, and the shortage of persons academically qualified to head Black Studies Departments is already severe.

But those black demands which might change the nature of colleges as *institutions of learning*—for example, student control of curriculum, of hiring and firing, of finances; and open admissions without entrance requirements, plus uniform financial subsidy—are being resisted to the end.

The question now becomes: will the thrust of the black education movement be bought off, and the blacks satisfied by integration into an educational system breaking down of its own non-racist accord? Or will they press their more radical demands, and help force the system itself to change, and not merely remedy its racism?

On the front of white campus action, administrative strategies of containment are more various, but they follow the same philosophy. Suddenly at 2700 schools the fight for liberalization of women's dorm hours is almost over—in most places even before it had fairly begun. Administrators agree: *that's* not the place to hold the line. Students are being freely granted token-nigger seats on faculty and administrative committees on hundreds of campuses (but no real power). Everywhere administrators are encouraging free universities, for these seem to bleed off energy and pres-



David Harris:
ex-Stanford student president
and founder of the Resistance



Their red flag aloft, militants move to control a student conference

MICHAEL BOSSMAN

sure for reform of the system. But they carefully regulate the nature and number of course that can receive official credit.

At many campuses, administrations are experimenting with small, self-contained colleges of a few hundred students, trying to find a new form that will channel the attention and energy of young intellectuals and activists—one that will keep them within the system without disruption. Berkeley's 150-student "Tussman Program," begun in 1965, was a first attempt. Its Teaching Assistants made the program too "unstable"; they were fired, which made the program safer and less interesting.

Currently the most attractive experiment is the Residential College at the University of Michigan, in which students can paint their walls, smoke dope, and screw; and also have some real control over curriculum and evaluation. (They do not, however, control finances, the nature of curriculum, or hiring.) If state legislatures don't object, this model will spread.

But a strategy of getting all the freaks off in a safely isolated corner to play and experiment may boomerang, as may any effort at containment. At the University of Illinois' Champaign campus, organized student activism has tripled during the last three years, partly because greatly relaxed women's hours permitted students to go to meetings and talk politics over late coffee—since sex could be saved for later in the night. In the Residential College at Michigan, half of the students are activists. At Berkeley, the administration began approving a safe few student-initiated courses for credit. The students promptly sponsored Eldridge Cleaver lecturing in a credit course. The Governor and the Regents reacted; and the university and state were plunged immediately into political turmoil.

A few whole-system attempts at containment or inhibition of campus activists are underway. Some new campuses, like the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California, have been designed partly with a mind towards isolating students from each other in small manageable groups, and making communication and mass action difficult. Such design is somewhat successful, but students there are still in the process of forcing the granting of their demand that the seventh "cluster college," scheduled to open in 1972, shall be for black studies and be named after Malcolm X.

A deeper force for the containment of student activism is now appearing, from an unexpected direction. Encounter groups, sensitivity games, and many kinds of touchy-feely play are spreading around the country, largely among the young. They involve powerful and long-neglected kinds of learning, and are potential tools for liberation. But they are being spread with

the liberal philosophy that "our troubles come not from conflicts of interest, but from inability to communicate." Encounter is being used to substitute for conflict, rather than to make conflict healthy and open. Thus, administrations, counseling services, and youth religious groups are all eagerly spreading encounter programs.

Some campuses, like the University of California at Davis, have become saturated with these games learned in this soft spirit. Students and administrators go through groups together, meetings are heavy with rhetoric of community. The usual result seems to be a virtual paralysis of student activism—which everywhere grows by making conflicts explicit. At such campuses activists seem less able to work well with each other in groups, despite all their "group experience"; and almost all attempts at educational change or political reform are co-opted into the structure and come to no significance.

The Gathering Repression

But the energies of change are breeding like yeast. Discontent, disobedience, and disruption are spreading too rapidly. No soft policy of containment, no matter how sophisticated, will be sufficient. A broad repression of youth has begun.

At its present pace, 1969 will see some 250,000 arrests for grass. A few states are considering lowering the offense to a misdemeanor, but the use of selective enforcement as a tool of local community disapproval is increasing. Cops have planted dope on friends of mine—SDS and Yippie organizers, editors of high-school underground papers, ed reform travelers—in Santa Barbara, Urbana, Pennsylvania and New York, to make arrests in the course of political persecution. And this is how they are martyring Jerry Rubin.

A massive and single-minded Media Curse has been cast over SDS, labeling it the National Whipping Boy, responsible for any old act of violence on campus or off. Already on some peaceful campuses, students are being denied appointment to committees because of their supposed adherence to "SDS ideas." National SDS figures like Tom Hayden are being damned in Congress and hauled up before the House Un-American Investigating Committee.

"But how much is SDS responsible for what's happening?" The question is empty, even given that SDS as an organization deliberately and proudly opens many of the fronts of conflict. Though only 200,000 activists claim it some official allegiance. SDS is less an organization than a broad penumbra of feeling present in every heart. Indeed, at most demonstra-

tions—however they begin—less than a quarter of the protesters belong to any organized political group. Young activists, like the rest of their peers, are reluctant to create formal groups. The true organization of resistance and revolution is informal and interior.

The myth that SDS is responsible is part of the Conspiracy Theory. Something frightening and strange is happening: there must be a simple source or cause, some conspiracy that can be thwarted. It was this need to explain everything in simple, reassuring terms that led Berkeley administrators for years to believe that all the discontent and action on their campus was caused by a "small, hard-core of non-student agitators," and that if these could just be cut off from the students, peace would return. Fraternity enrollment would stop falling, and the Golden Bears would win the Rose Bowl again.

These days the agitators are traveling ones. They move between campuses and cities; but the Conspiracy Theory is the same. A small, hard-core minority of freak maniac anti-Christians are moving around the country casting spells of discontent, and must be stopped. So Yippie organizers like Jerry Rubin are also hauled up before HUAC, and are tailed and harassed constantly by the FBI and narks. Similar things are happening to campus travelers in the educational reform movement. When "traveling agitators" of any variety appear or meet on a campus, administrators go into high-level fibrillation, police patrols double and reinforcements are alerted.

A new weapon of legal repression is appearing—the felony charge of "conspiring to commit a misdemeanor," which can be used against any group of people who meet before a mass demonstration at which even trivial laws are broken. Currently, in Oakland, seven leaders of the 1967 Army Induction Center protests are being tried for felony conspiracy. Indictments for felonious conspiracy have already appeared in connection with campus struggles at San Fernando Valley State, Colorado State, Berkeley, and elsewhere.

Though Nixon is promising a voluntary army, jail sentences for the 5,000 active followers of the Draft Resistance are getting stiffer, mostly running three to five years. Black leaders like Eldridge Cleaver and S.F. State's George Murray are being sentenced to jail for "parole violations." Recent federal legislation against "crossing state lines to incite riots" is about to be enforced: indictments for black and white traveling organizers—Panthers, Yippies, SDS and so on—are said to be in the works, for Chicago and other offenses to America's dignity. Friendly reporters pass on word of calls from the FBI to campus Security Offices, inquiring after me. It's getting freaky.

—Continued on Next Page



MICHAEL ROSSMAN



Tom Hayden



The War Is Over Demonstration in New York, 1967



Jerry Rubin

Administrative allies are hard at work too. The influential journal *Police Chief* presents case studies of how local peace officers help deans solve their problems. In carefully-timed press releases, the FBI boasts that it has thoroughly infiltrated SDS and other campus political groups, white and black. In Washington and Oakland undercover informers and provocateurs are appearing, to testify against activists. Lists of students and others in attendance at major activist conferences or demonstrations are starting to circulate among college administrations.

Reactionary state legislatures in many states are passing laws to make any kind of campus disruption illegal. In California alone, some 60 punitive bills are now pending. Private schools like Notre Dame are making participation in disruption the grounds for immediate expulsion. Mid-level administrators in state college systems are falling all over each other to see who can present the hardest line. Often hard reaction from Trustees or lawmakers upsets the efforts of liberal administrators to hold the line with soft containment.

At Santa Cruz, Michigan, Denison University and Connecticut, the contracts of young teachers sympathetic to student activism are not being renewed. At schools like Pace College of Business Administration, student newspapers are being busted or suspended.

Two years ago, control of student finances at Berkeley was taken away from the student government by the administration. Now at S.F. State the administration, manipulated by the Trustees, has taken control of \$400,000 in student funds, suspended the student officers, and is suing them for mismanagement and misuse of funds. In the California legislature, bills are pending to take complete financial control of student affairs at all 130 universities, colleges, and junior colleges in the state system. This pattern of financial repression will be multiplied across the nation, as students continue to learn how to use their own money to make change happen.

Around the nation, liberal administrators are responding to the various student thrusts with more and more sophistication. They exchange letters, hold informal and formal conferences, and in their academic and trade journals publish strategies of containment presented as case studies. At each campus, how many worried dean-hours have been spent, together and alone, anticipating and pondering countermeasures? The style of reaction to disruptive protest now gaining favor—to crack down early and hard—is the product of those hours and conferences.

The possibilities for control and repression are growing quickly more sophisticated. For several years, the University of Chicago's Admissions Office has been screening applicants and starting to weed out activists. Since 1964, research on student activism has been increasing rapidly, often funded by government grants (many from the Air Force). Leading sociologists, like Harvard's Seymour Martin Lipset, have built their reputations by studying activists. A report from Educational Testing Services now circulating in 2,000 administrations points out that "the absence of a religious preference is the single personal characteristic most predictive of protest behavior in college freshmen."

But this is a crude measure. The general psychological types of most important activist subpopulations have been fairly well studied, at least with a view towards description. Their profiles are now available to anyone who is interested, simply by reading the non-classified research. (Who is to know what is secret these days, in universities that train CIA agents?) To put the matter bluntly: it is now possible to prepare a battery of standard psychological tests which, properly read, will identify present or potential activists with a fair degree of certainty.

Will anyone bother? What do you think?

Action is shaping already on the national level. The National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) granted the American Council of Education (ACE) \$300,000 to do research on the nature and causes of student unrest. The council's Director of Research, Alexander

Astin, speculates—according to the February 10 issue of the influential *Chronicle of Higher Education*—that with the research "admissions officers could virtually assure that there would or would not be demonstrations on their campuses by systematically admitting or rejecting students with 'protest-prone' characteristics."

Now, isn't that a piece of paranoid news?

At first the matter was quite embarrassing to the august American Council of Education. Though the research director was hot for the grant, the Council's president was terrified of the possible bad publicity. They considered funding the research in the same way that the CIA funded the National Student Association (NSA): through a secondary or "conduit" private institution. But details of the grant were already too public for secrecy.

So the American Council on Education accepted the grant openly and quietly. Anxious to have it appear legitimate, they are trying to get NSA itself to take a piece of the action. NSA has been offered the chance to run a sub-study aimed at finding out what distinguishes peaceful campuses from campuses prone to disruption. At the moment, NSA is deciding whether to be greedy for money and a chance to keep the study "honest and relevant," or to be noble and denounce the study—and perhaps win back in the eyes of the student movement a fraction of the legitimacy lost during the CIA scandal.

What the matter amounts to is that the government is subsidizing initial counter-insurgency research against its domestic (youth) rebellion. The universities have already performed the service of research to be used against foreign liberation movements in Vietnam, the Philippines and elsewhere; and against the domestic black liberation (mostly in the form of studies of urban and riot management, and of the black family). Why should they not be used again, against their own inhabitants?

Why not, indeed? And who will understand our violent bitterness then, or now, or our growing fear, save we who feel them too strongly for words, indelibly staining our hope?

BY CONRAD J. WILLIAMS

When Ronald Reagan was preparing to run for Governor of California back in 1966, the beady-eyed computer men who programmed the ex-movie actor found a wonderful thing. The Babbitts of the land were horrified at student demonstrations, especially at the University of California at Berkeley.

Denounce Berkeley, they told Reagan. He wrote an assortment of stunning Berkeley denunciations on the handy three-by-five cards he speaks from, and lo, he won the election by nearly a million votes.

Just after Reagan was elected there was a student strike at Berkeley, and the new governor roared: "Obey the rules or get out!" He liked that line so well that he had it cast in bronze. The plaque now hangs on his office wall.

Reagan, an apt student himself, learned early what other politicians are just finding out. The folks back home are mightily pissed about campus radicalism and violence. They want action. They don't want to hear about a lot of campus negotiations, Black studies programs, experimental courses, Eldridge Cleavers giving lectures. They want radical, trouble-making students thrown out, jailed, tear-gassed, or sent to Vietnam.

The California Poll (perhaps the nation's most reliable opinion poll) reported February that Reagan was at the peak of his popularity because of the harsh way he handled student unrest. The poll's analysts said: "Reagan's improved standing has occurred with people from all parts of the state, from both major political party followers, and from all socio-economic groups, including minorities. Rarely has one single issue given a state political leader so much public support for his actions."

In California, the poll reported that 83 per cent agreed that students who defy the rules should be thrown out, while only 15 per cent disagreed.

Repression of student unrest is the order of the day. The people say they want it. The politicians will supply it. The student rebellion officially started in California in 1964 with the Free Speech Movement, and five years later California leads the nation in forcibly repressing the rebellion.

The California legislature, which controls the state colleges and the University through its laws and budgets, is in a frenzy over student demonstrators. More than 70 bills have been introduced this year to put down students. State Senator George Danielson cried the new bills would rid the state campuses of the "Typhoid Marys" of student rebellion.

If all this overlapping legislation were enacted, the effect would be:

- To make it a misdemeanor to remain on a campus after the authorities have ordered you off; to commit any act which would interfere with normal campus activity; to willfully cause damage or bodily harm on a campus; to urge violence or destruction of campus property. And in most of these cases,

the penalties escalate with repeated offenses—up to a 90-day sentence for "interfering with order."

- To prohibit release on bail for persons guilty of more than one of these misdemeanors until the first charge is resolved.

- To enforce a *minimum* of five years for anyone assaulting a cop with a deadly weapon—and this bit of legislation designates University of California campus patrolmen as "police officers."

- To ban from the campus anyone who has a case pending involving student disorder; ban any student who disturbs the "peaceful conduct" of the campus (suspended for one year); bans for one year any dismissed student or fired faculty member; bans—for three years—any "disruptive" student from any state-supported campus; bans forever from all state campuses any student or academic employee who commits acts of force or violence toward campus property.

- To dismiss all teachers who strike; to dismiss all tenured employees for advocating disobedience of the law in the classroom or on the campus.

- To make incitement to riot punishable by one to three years in prison or \$1000 to \$3000 fine (six times the present sentence and ten times the present fine).

And, as if these were not enough, Governor Reagan has sponsored his own legislation, which would:

- Make a student guilty of criminal trespass if he re-enters the property of an institution from which he has been suspended or expelled without express permission.

- Make any student convicted of a crime involving campus disturbance automatically dismissed from his state college or university, and ineligible to attend any other for a year.

- Automatically fire any faculty member convicted of similar offense, and make him ineligible for re-hiring until drawn-out review procedures had been undertaken.

- Make it illegal to bring a loudspeaker or voice amplifier onto a college or university campus without first getting official permission.

There is even, in the morass of bills before the Sacramento legislature, one which empowers any campus official to throw anybody off campus who looks like he might make trouble—anyone "who may threaten the orderly operation of such campus" is the legalistic wording.

College administrators are taking an ever-harder line to maintain their positions against the students. One of the most prominent of the new order of hard-liners is Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, acting president of San Francisco State College. Hayakawa is escorted to work from his suburban home by police every morning, and he has a huge loudspeaker—"Big Brother"—outside his office for delivering orders to the assembled mobs below.

"What I and San Francisco State Col-

It Can Happen Here

lege have contributed to the control of undemocratic dissent," Hayakawa says, "is that I have not hesitated to use any number of cops necessary to protect the civil rights of the majority." One day 483 were arrested.

"That's my boy," said Governor Reagan fondly of Hayakawa when he got tough. Two menacing emissaries of Reagan's—a pair of state attorney general's office investigators—recently paid a call on the S.F. State student newspaper's printer, "and tried to suppress the paper," so far as the printer could determine. When pressed to explain why this strangely gestapo-like tactic had been brought into play, a Deputy Attorney General explained: "Freedom of the press is just an old cliché."

This repressive spirit is beginning to take hold nationally.

The Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, announced he would give any violent student demonstrator 15 minutes to meditate. At the end of the 15 minutes the student will recant and be nice—or be expelled. President Nixon, when he heard of Hesburgh's rules, wrote a warm letter of applause, stressing that the Nixon Administration would seek ways to halt the "growing lawlessness and violence" which has been touched off by a "small, irresponsible minority" of students.

Up in quiet, serene Oregon, even the students are getting into the repression act. They rallied around a football coach at Oregon State University when he ordered a black athlete to shave off his beard and his fellow blacks boycotted the athletic program.

The Young Republicans and the Young Americans for Freedom, both highly conservative outfits, are picking up on campus disorder, winning new converts among the young folk who want to study in a quiet library and get a quiet job with IBM and live in the suburbs with a Women's Club wife, two cars, and an ulcer.

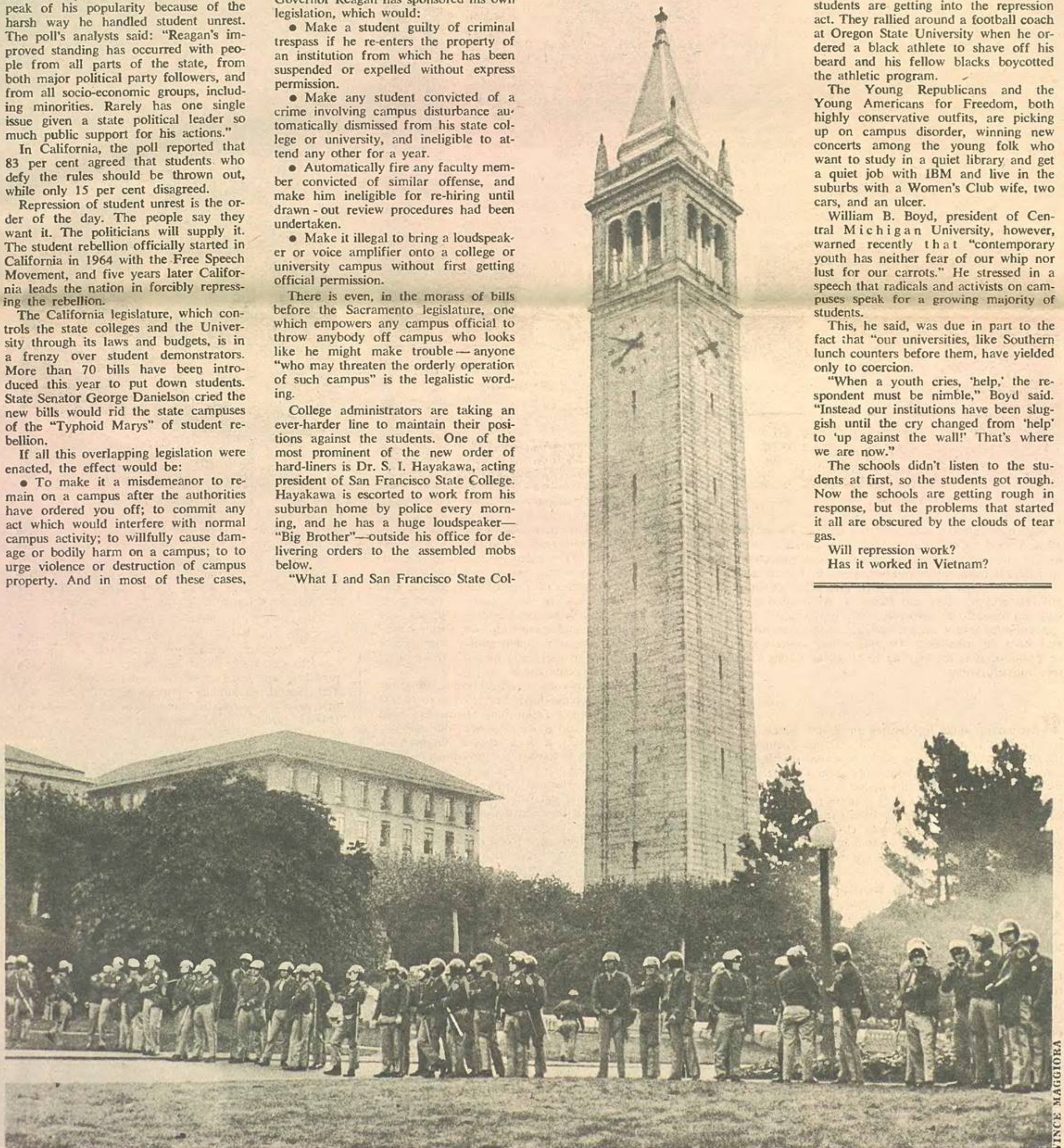
William B. Boyd, president of Central Michigan University, however, warned recently that "contemporary youth has neither fear of our whip nor lust for our carrots." He stressed in a speech that radicals and activists on campuses speak for a growing majority of students.

This, he said, was due in part to the fact that "our universities, like Southern lunch counters before them, have yielded only to coercion."

"When a youth cries, 'help,' the respondent must be nimble," Boyd said. "Instead our institutions have been sluggish until the cry changed from 'help' to 'up against the wall!' That's where we are now."

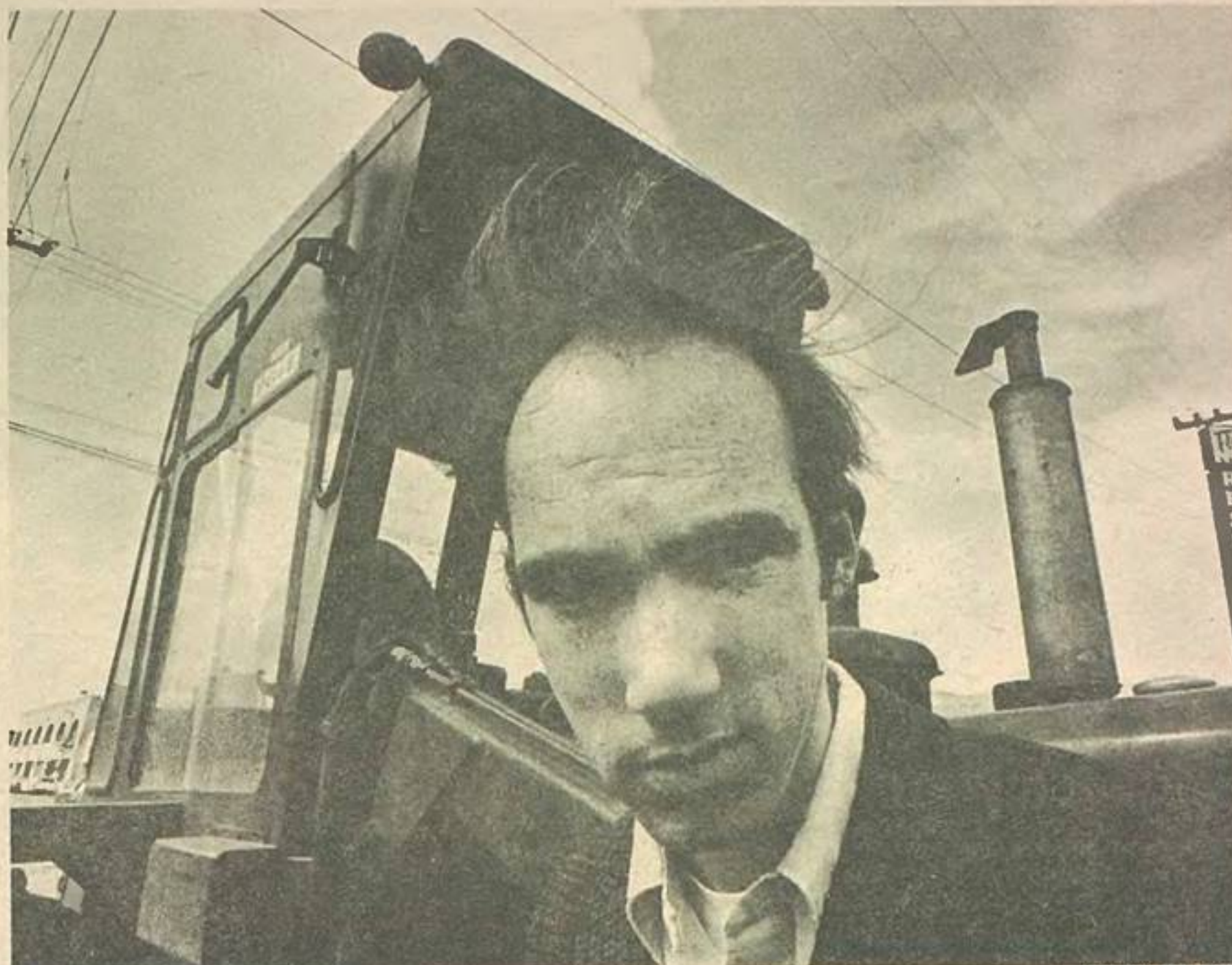
The schools didn't listen to the students at first, so the students got rough. Now the schools are getting rough in response, but the problems that started it all are obscured by the clouds of tear gas.

Will repression work?
Has it worked in Vietnam?



VINCE MAGGIORA

Konstantin Berlandt was the editor of the *Daily Californian*, the Berkeley student newspaper during many of Berkeley's crucial struggles. Unlike any student editor in recent memory, he involved himself in what was happening, felt strongly about it, wrote strongly about it and made the *Daily Cal*, under his editorship, one of the most exciting small publications in the United States. On the following pages are three of those editorials. Like the one which announced his voluntary fast, they speak for themselves.



JOHN BURKS

Editorial

I walked through the crowd.
I saw my best friends there. I felt such a warm bond between us.

They were squeezed together in the foyer of the Registrar's Office. It looked like one of the doorways of the Oakland Induction Center crowded with people during Stop the Draft Week last fall. And last year the police had let them out of the doorways one at a time, clubbing them as they ran past.

Now the man was reading the Chancellor's warning: *Nonstudents who stay in the building after seven o'clock will be arrested; students who do so will be subject to discipline. It is now 7:01.*

And suddenly I felt free, my mind lifting up, up, up in flight.

I've been under a weight all week, all month. I think the rainy weather brought it on, but the sun hasn't lifted it.

It was the oppression of the election: Nixon, Wallace, Humphrey. It was the oppression of the headline every morning with one of their names in it. It was the oppression of every news broadcast and every other advertisement with their names and faces and voices.

I was all set to watch "Mission: Impossible" when Humphrey shows up for another hour's alienation session: Oh please say something kind to us, something human, something different, so we can believe again. He replies, *You can't always have everything your way.*

It was the oppression of the Regents: their ability to determine credit and courses and teachers and plays and grapes; their ability to push all us back into fighting over what we already had instead of working on what we've never had but should; their ability to ignore the combined pressure of nearly everyone in the University.

And it was the oppression of my fellow students becoming depressed. Depressed. Despaired. *We're not going to win. There's nothing we can do to win.*

This is how it begins, I see. We become so depressed we don't fight anymore. *We're only losing a little, we say. It could be so much worse. The soldiers are dying, the Blacks are dying, the children are dying. It could be so much worse.*

Everything must be considered in light of the political situation. *It could be so much worse.*

This demonstration is counterproductive. It is a mistake politically. It can only help get Rafferty elected and strengthen Reagan's hand with the Board of Regents. It can only have a deleterious effect on the University. We will only hurt our cause by alienating support.

Let's wait till the Regents do something horrendous and then hit them with all we've got. They did something horrendous. Well, let's wait till they do something else. Let's wait till their next meeting. Let's wait till four years from now when we can take over the Democratic Party. Teddy Kennedy is still alive.

Let's not do anything at all. It can only get worse. Let's give up.

And then I walked through the crowd of smiling people. They were loving and happy, alive and free.

You can't win all the time.

You can't always have everything your own way.

You'll be arrested.

You'll be arrested.

You'll be beaten; you'll be jailed; you'll be thrown out of school.

You'll be spanked, you'll be whipped and chained. But I am whipped. I am chained. I am prisoner to all your oppression. I am depressed. I can't get out.

You can get out.

You can smile and laugh and kiss and cry.

I am. I am. I am.

Tonight in this room together, tonight in this jail cell, I am.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1968



JEFF BLANKFORT



VINCE MAGGIORA

'Down the Spiral'

Of course we deplore the violence that has enveloped Wheeler Auditorium in flames. And we deplore the atmosphere in which that violence was committed.

But we do not agree with our liberal Chancellor Heyns that "destructive acts of this sort are almost certain to happen in an atmosphere of threats and incitements to close the campus." The atmosphere that created this situation was the atmosphere the Regents created last quarter when they failed to respond to the nonviolent protest of the majority of students and faculty.

Last quarter every nonviolent tactic was used: petition, resolution, negotiation, strike, fast, sit-in. But all were ignored.

There are no grievance procedures in this University any more. There are no grievance procedures in this society any more.

We tried the legitimate grievance procedure last year and they didn't work. We fought for Eldridge Cleaver, credit for 139X, experimental education and student initiated courses, Eugene McCarthy, an end to the war and the draft, student power, Third World liberation—we fought through all the channels provided for self-determination.

But we were ignored.

And when there are no grievance procedures some people take to the streets. But a lot of people, frustrated though they are, do nothing because they don't see that it will get them anywhere. That leaves a smaller group of less effective and more frustrated activists looking for a more effective tactic.

And so it spirals down towards violence, repression or revolution.

"Law and order! Violence will not be tolerated!"

Except for the violence of the tactical squad at San Francisco State yesterday when with three minutes warning they arrested all of the 383 people exercising their constitutional right of assembly.

Except for the violence of the war in Vietnam.

Except for the violence to Third World babies who die in delivery because of their mothers' poverty.

But now there is violence on the Berkeley campus. Real violence, like in the ghettos. FIRE!

And paternalism, sympathy, disapproval don't mean anything. Self-determination. That's all we want. That's all we have.

And we must each use our own self-determination to save the lives that may be lost on the next turn of the spiral.

Or will we all wait, and when it happens be aghast again and decry violence.

We are not pitting violence against violence as if retribution is justice. Only that violence goes on all the time in this racist system, and there's got to be freedom for there to be love.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1969



NACIO BROWN



PAT CROWLEY



PAT CROWLEY

Rescuing the Reptiles

BY KONSTANTIN BERLANDT

Our University and our country are in such peril that we can no longer sit and watch. We want to do something which will arouse the concern of the people of the State instead of alienating them. We want to get over the discussion of tactics and on to discussing the issues.

Through an over-concern with our methods of protest—from troop train demonstrations to sit-ins to taking over buildings—the media and the majority of the State and nation have failed to consider the primary moral issues involved with the war in Vietnam, a free state and free University.

We see the immorality of the war and of a University which blindly participates in war research. We recognize the racism within our society and ourselves and observe our University's contributing to that racism through the admission standards, tuition, hiring procedures and new guest lecturer policy. We realize that only by allowing every opinion to be voiced can we be sure we are not censoring the truth and that freedom of speech is only important when speech is controversial. But we have failed to communicate these issues to the people of the State.

We see too that the politicization of the University is constricting our academic freedom in many areas. Too many of our fellow students, professors and administrators insist, "we must consider the political situation." It is this more self-imposed curtailment of our freedoms which is leading the University away from its search for knowledge and truth and into simple working for for the preservation of the status quo.

When the University prohibits the study of philosophies critical of the status quo, the University is actually abandoning its responsibility to society for a society that refuses to listen to its critics will only become sterile and brittle.

A society that fails to adapt to changing times is like the dinosaur that didn't adopt to the changing climate. Like those ancient reptiles thrashing about in the La Brea tar, those who cry "law and order" to quiet the times are not affecting the weather.

We cannot condone violence at this time, but the situation is very grave. Protests to communicate our dissatisfaction elicit anger instead of understanding. Demonstrations no longer demonstrate; people no longer listen. We must re-establish communication. We

no longer respect authority for its own sake and you no longer respect criticism.

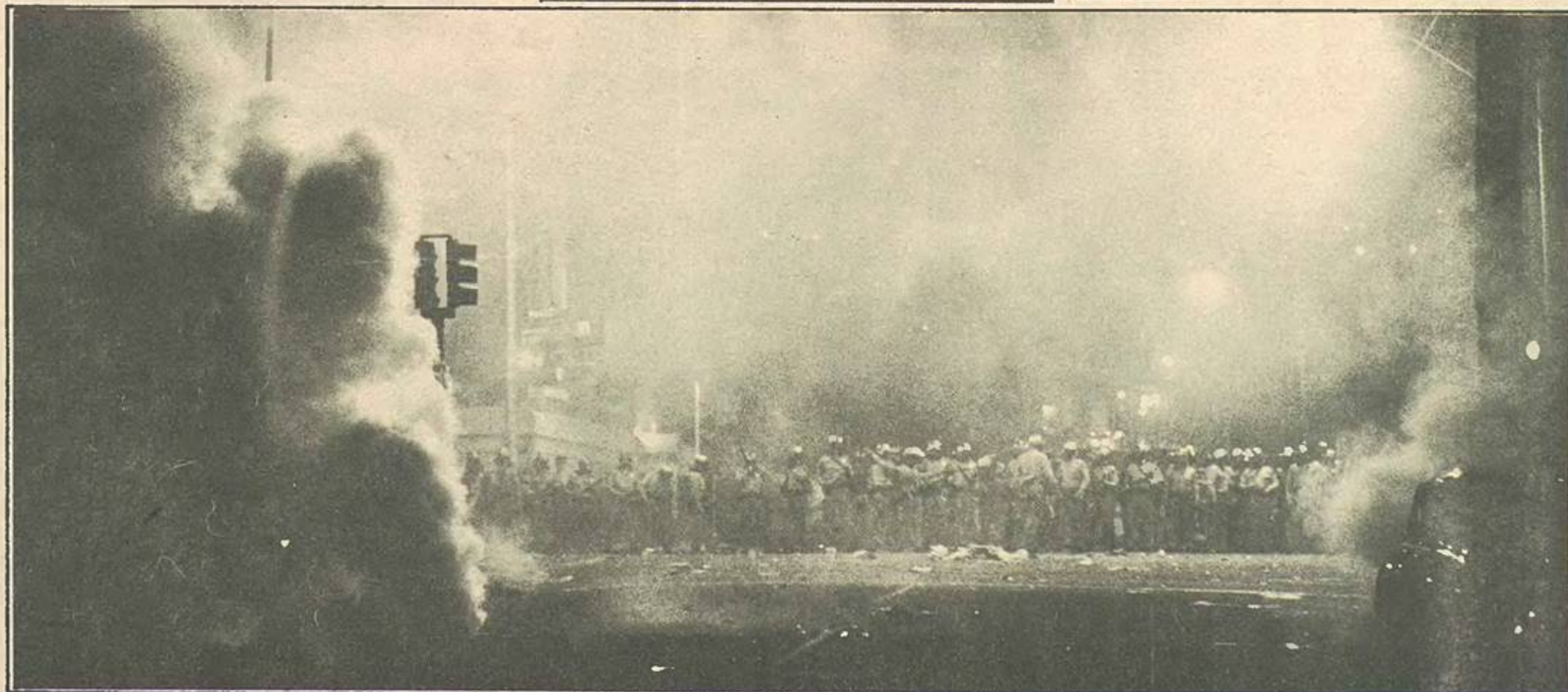
In our own situation we see the University pressured by politicians and many people of the State, repressed by the Regents in open disregard for faculty autonomy, and further weakened by the student apathy and faculty evasion.

We call upon the people of the State to consider the issues behind our fast to help us protect our institution that protects society. We call upon the Regents to respond to our fast by opening negotiations between the students and themselves to fulfill their responsibility as a buffer between a free University and temporal politics, to help us protect our institution. We call upon the faculty to stand up now to expressly resist this invasion of their autonomy, over course content and curriculum, to help us protect our institution and our freedom.

And I will not eat until the people of the state and the people they have placed in power recognize our humanity.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1968

EDITOR'S NOTE: Berlandt, along with U.C. Berkeley student body president Charles Palmer, did fast for 18 days, taking only fruit juice during that period. As part of their non-violent demonstration they asked for a variety of reforms—none of which were realized—involving increased student participation in campus government. Berlandt lost 14 pounds (from 135 to 121) and in the process had a few visions. "Though one night I dreamed about strawberry ice cream," he wrote afterward, "on another I died for humanity and then exploded in posters all over America."



JEFF BLANKFORT

My Griffin is Gone/Hoyt Axton

The Son of the Mother of Heartbreak Hotel

WHEN HOYT AXTON WAS A LITTLE KID/ HE USED TO SING HIS MOTHER'S SONGS. WHEN HE GREW UP AND STARTED ROAMING/ HE BEGAN TO WRITE AND SING HIS OWN. OTHERS HEARD HIS SONGS AND SANG THEM, TOO, LIKE BARRY MCGUIRE AND THE YOUNGBLOODS NOW BACK HOME FROM SAN FRANCISCO WANDERINGS/ HE SINGS HIS SONGS FOR YOU IN "MY GRIFFIN IS GONE."

HOYT AXTON ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

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JOHN MAYALL



Vacation: Walking On Sunset; Laurel Canyon Home; 2401; Ready To Ride; Medicine Man; Somebody Acting Like A Child; The Bear; Miss James; First Time Alone; Long Gone; Midnight; Fly Tomorrow; PS 545



Where Did I Belong?: I Started Walking; Open Up A New Door; Fire; I Know Now; Look In The Mirror; I'm A Stranger; No Reply; Harlequin; Quits; Killing Time; She's Too Young; Sandy; PS 537



Brand New Start: Please Don't Tell; Down The Line; Sonny Boy Blow; Marsha's Mood; No More Tears; Catch That Train; Cancelling Out; Harp Man; Brown Sugar; Broken Wings; Don't Kick Me; PS 534



Dh; Pretty Woman; Stand Back Baby; My Time After A While; Snowy Wood; Man Of Stone; Tears In My Eyes; Driving Sideways; The Death Of J. B. Lenoir; I Can't Quit You Baby; Streamline; Me And My Woman; Checking On My Baby; PS 529



A Hard Road: It's Over; You Don't Love Me; The Stumble; Another Kinda Love; Hit The Highway; Leaping Christine; Dust My Blues; There's Always Work; The Same Way; The Super-Natural; Top Of The Hill; Someday; After A While (You'll Be Sorry); Living Alone; PS 502



All Your Love; Hideaway; Little Girl; Another Man; Double Crossing Time; What'd I Say; Key To Love; Parchman Farm; Have You Heard; Ramblin' On My Mind; Steppin' Out; It Ain't Right; PS 492

LONDON

"boss of the blues"

PANTHERS' FIGHT TO THE DEATH AGAINST RACISM

BY GEORGE MASON MURRAY

Minister of Education, Black Panther Party

Cultural Nationalism is a fixation in a people's development like a half formed baby. We mean by this that cultural nationalism is necessary in the early stages of a people's political development. For instance, if we say we're Black and proud we are saying what is necessary and true, but being Black and proud will not free any of us slaves. Cultural nationalism always exists in an oppressed people, at about the time that they first begin to challenge the oppressors' value systems.

It was not until 1965-66 that we Black people began to say that we accepted our Black skins, our brisk hair (nappy-kinky), our African noses, and large lips. Prior to this point of development we, on a whole, accepted white beauty values. To prove it, we used Artra skin tone cream and Black and White ointment, as well as nadinola, to lighten our skins and thus becoming more "beautiful," and our parents told us not to let our mouths hang open, because it made our lips larger.

So in 1966 all over the U.S. we began to challenge white supremacy in terms of instilling Black beauty values in ourselves. The result was the natural, which was good, but has nothing now to do with the liberation of the Black Community. What resulted was that we began to judge people by whether they wore a natural, an African robe, called a buba, a Doshiki, a lion's toe bone; we did not judge people on any principles that had to be internalized, such as a fight to the death to end white racism; or whether they were working to redistribute all of the money the rich have stolen from all of the oppressed Black, Brown, Red, Yellow people of Asia, Africa, Latin America and those within the imperialist domains of North America, the U.S.A. We formed the cult of the natural; natural barber shops; hair products, combs, brushes began to be sold, and these shops were called New Breed unlimited, the Black Shop, these were our Negro businesses and we were Black and proud.

Because of our cultural nationalist fixation, we're being super exploited. That is, we're robbed by finance companies when we buy cars, and furniture, and we're robbed by Black capitalists at these various Black shops, who are selling culture for money—Blackness for money. Cotton African print shirts are being sold by New Breed for \$30 and \$40. This is highway robbery. So, Cultural Nationalism leads to the super exploitation of the poor Black, white middle class clowns and bitches of varying shades of Black and get richer, by opening up so-called Black stores.

Listen, if you can be black by wearing African robes, speaking Swahili, Lengala, or Bantu (all African languages), then any white racist can be Black, because they have more money with which to buy African dresses, shirts, and to pay an African traitor to teach them Swahili. Cultural Nationalism is super natural nonsense. Cultural nationalists whether with bald heads such as the U.S. niggahs, or those with beards and wild naturals, are dead slaves.

To say you're Black and you're proud and still go to Vietnam to fight our Vietnamese brothers or to go and entertain soldiers who are exterminating the Vietnamese people is a crime against all of us descendants of slaves in the U.S. It is reactionary and insane, and counter-revolutionary to teach or practice Cultural Nationalism. When one speaks of nationhood in terms of culture only, he is admitting that the entire group he comes from is too weak, timid, and sissified to challenge the slave master, and put him up against the wall, take all of "his" money, and redistribute it to all the poor.

You can not say that wherever Black people are, there is our nation. To say this is foolishness. What if the masses of people you're talking about are slaves, as we are in the U.S. When you talk about nationhood, you are talking about territory (land), people and sovereignty (power). When we talk about becoming free, we have to talk about power, getting all the goods, services, and land, and returning them equally to the oppressed and enslaved Mexicans, Blacks, Indians, Puerto Ricans, and poor whites in the U.S. and to the rest of the oppressed and hungry people in the world.

We have to drive the racist dog police out of our communities or kill them. Speaking Spanish, Swahili, Vietnamese, Hindu, will not feed a starving people. But a revolution will smash, shatter and destroy the oppressor and his oppressive system, return all the power, the milk, eggs, butter, and the guns to the people.

A revolutionary people will not tolerate a Richard Milhous Nixon. We must stop this Neanderthal beast, this white supremacist and his millionaire buddies from freaking all the way out and exterminating us, with hunger, illiteracy, disease, racist police bullets, and napalm bombs, all of us. But Nixon, Dupont, Alioto, any racist capitalist will support cultural nationalism. Because cultural nationalism is a bourgeois-capitalist scheme, to confuse the masses of people, so that they will not assault the city halls, the bank tellers and managers, or seize control of community schools.

Nixon's scheme is to establish a few so-called Black businesses, by establishing Black capitalism. This cannot and will not succeed. We have had Black capitalists ever since the slaves in the field and the house were separated. The traitors known as the Black bourgeoisie, are Black capitalists. The Black capitalists, in the main, have been the lemon colored descendants of house niggers, who are now morticians, teachers,



NACIO BROWN

lawyers, doctors, post office workers, and Black gangsters with money.

What cultural nationalism did was open the ranks of the bourgeoisie slightly to darker skinned sell-outs and clowns, who rather than drive the brutal racist police out of the community, simply got African names, picked up some culture in the white sense, and became accepted by the traitors and freaks known by such society names as "Jack and Jill." New Breed, US or the Yoruba Tribe of New York. Black capitalism will only insure a greater raping of the Black community. Capitalism only creates rich individuals, rich families, such as the Kennedys with 600 million dollars, the racist Duponts with 7.5 billion dollars, a sissy named Howard Hughes with two billion.

All of these racists must be robbed completely. We want all our communities to be rich. We want all the wealth redistributed, all the medicine redistributed. All of the mansions given to the poor. We must fight to make the last first, and the first last. In short, we must make the revolution force the ultimate change. When one visits a "Black shop" one sees that Black capitalism is super exploitation of the poor.

Martin Luther King did not die for Black capitalism. Malcolm X did not die for cultural nationalism. Huey P. Newton, our Minister of Defense, did not go to the penitentiary so that sissies and acid heads in yellow sun glasses and African robes could piss on the poor. These three men gave up all for freedom for the revolution that we must make. The people must force this ultimate change.

The era of cultural nationalism is the last stage in an oppressed people's development before they pick up the gun, fire bomb, and dynamite in an organized manner in order to make the revolution.

Once one realizes his human worth, his intrinsic value, then he knows that he must not tolerate slavery, oppression, capitalist exploitation any longer. It is at this point that the slave picks up his tools of liberation, sharpens his razor, steals a gun, shoots a police, robs a bank, seizes control of a school, assaults a job foreman, runs a racist landlord off, burns up a cotton field, or grape field, shoots down a helicopter.

Cultural nationalists are sissies, they are afraid to force into being a universal human struggle, the have nots against the haves, the poor against the rich. Cultural nationalism is a fixation, a mutation in a people's development. Listen to this: freedom is a state not limited to a particular culture, race or people, and therefore the principles upon which a struggle for human rights is based must be all inclusive, must apply equally for all people. Freedom, equality is not relative. For example, the struggle at San Francisco State is based upon three principles:

1. A fight to the death against racism.
2. The right of all people to determine their economic, political, social and educational destinies.
3. The right for the people to seize power, to carry out all their goals, and answer all their needs. In short—All power to the people.

These are principles that all human beings can fight for. The fight is being waged by Black, Brown, Red, Yellow students, and workers, as well as progressive whites.

Another negative characteristic of cultural nationalism is the cult of the personality that it creates. In all of these groups one person appears to be the moving force, the god; this is a bourgeois manifestation of a class division of superiors and inferiors, of rich and poor, high and low. But if change comes, if the revolution is to be made, it will be made by the people organized by a vanguard. The job of the vanguard is to show the people strategic methods by which to resist oppression, the oppressor, and the oppressors, lackeys, who are murderous cultural nationalists, traitors, agents-provocateur, in short all of the Black bourgeoisie.

The only brother we have today is the brother who will help us make the revolution. Having Black skin has nothing to do with being a freedom fighter. The standards are universal; what man will use the gun as Huey did?

In Los Angeles, California, four Black pigs, who are members of the U.S. organizations led by a bald headed pig named Ron Karenga, murdered two of the highest officials of the Black Panther Party, on Friday, January 18, 1969, at U.C.L.A. Bunchy and John were shot. With brutal 357 magnum pistols, John's stomach was blown out through his back. Bunchy was shot in the chest, his lungs were blown out of his back because he and John were leading the students at U.C.L.A., as well as the Black community in Southern California in a struggle against white supremacy in its most vicious and murderous form: the Los Angeles police; who kill our babies, racist educators, who kill our minds, and the avaricious businessmen who sell us meat blown by filthy flies.

These are the real reasons for the murders, the given reason for the murders is that Karenga wanted to be Chairman of the Black Studies Department at U.C.L.A., a \$20,000 a year job. This most clearly shows us that cultural nationalists are capitalists, gold dust lovers, and how murderous capitalists are. Karenga had Alprentice "Bunchy" Carter, the Deputy Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, and John Jerome Huggins, Deputy Minister of Information, murdered for \$20,000.

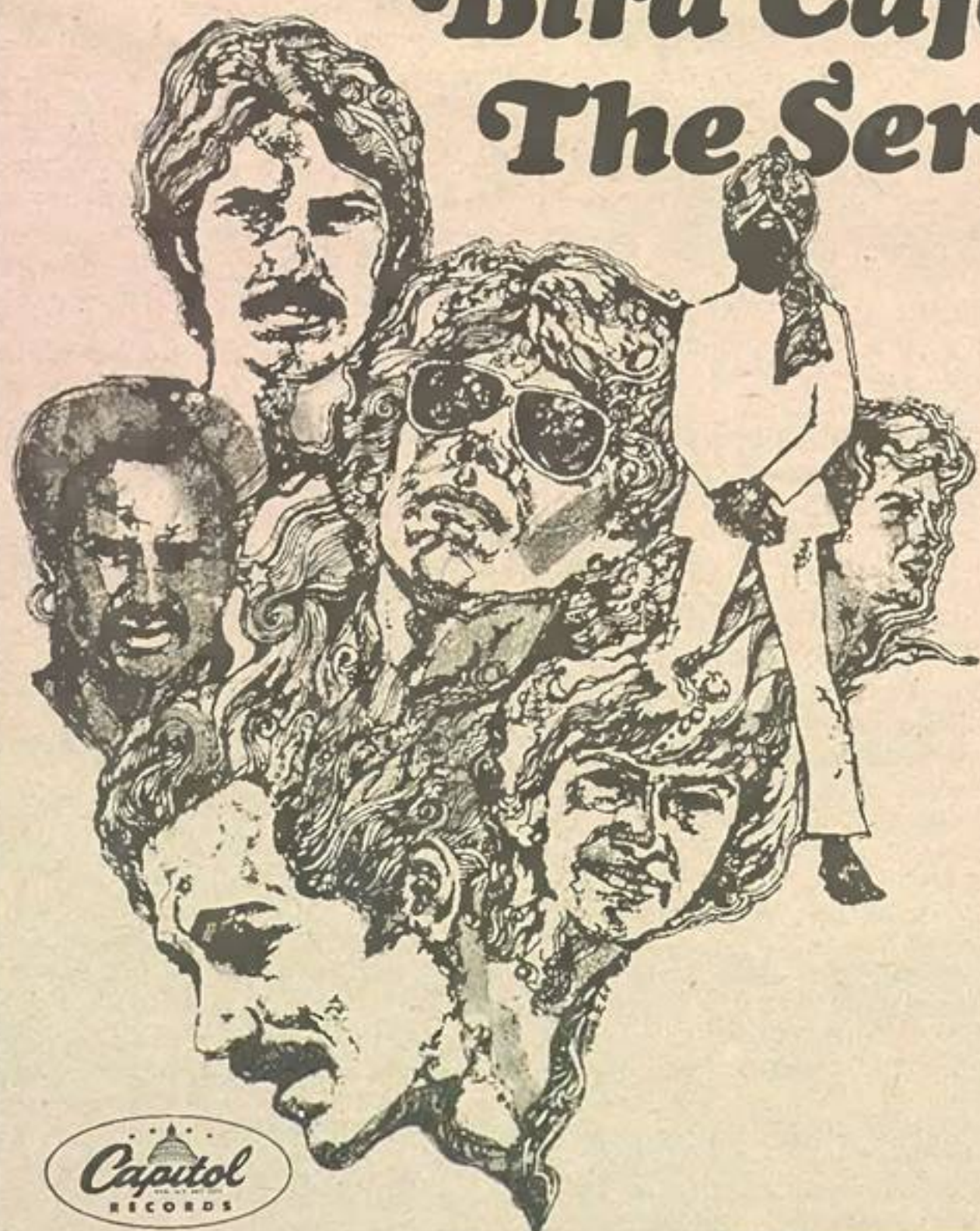
So we see how doggish, brutal and treacherous cultural nationalists are. Therefore, we must end this madness. We will make the revolution by fighting with the basic tool, the people organized and armed with the correct ideology and guns, or we will continue to rot in our ghettos. As for the Party, we will root out cultural nationalism.

A leader of the San Francisco State College Black Students Union, an English teacher at the College (until his recent firing for his involvement in the student strike), and Minister of Education for the Black Panther Party, Mr. Murray is presently serving a six-month sentence at San Francisco County Jail for alleged violation of a probation imposed in the aftermath of an attack on the student newspaper at S.F. State by black students.



NACIO BROWN

"The Early Bird Cafe" The Serfs

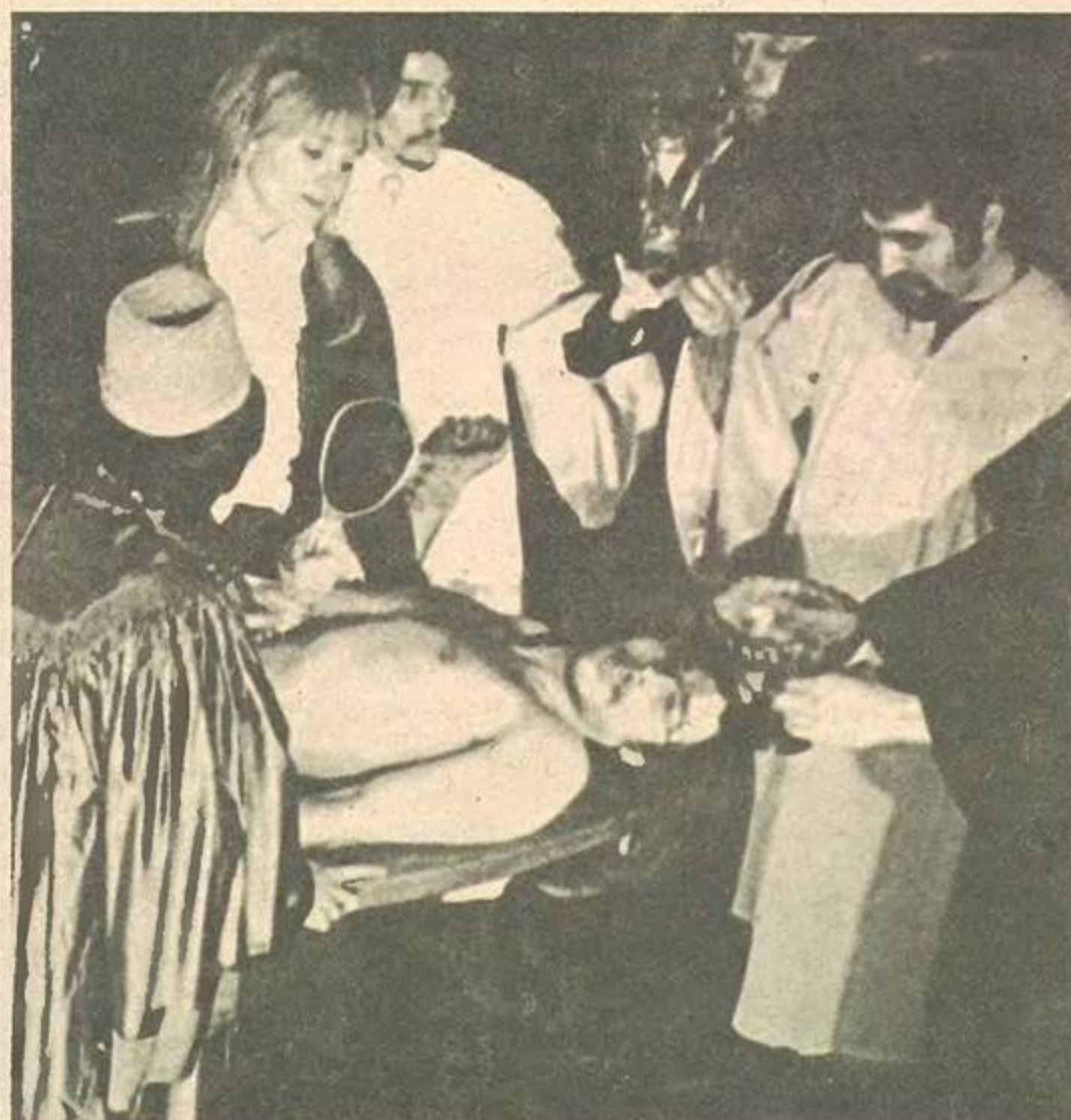


A lot of soul and surprises await you on The Serfs' first album! The 6½ minute "Like A Rolling Stone" and "Times Caught Up With You" demonstrate their blues/rock intensity!



SKAO-207

"The Last Ritual"



This is the first "Last Ritual"! The original material, the blend of lyrics with music, and the distinctive funkiness of the group, assure this debut LP a place in music history.



ST-206



THE FIRE THIS TIME



A Cursory Chronology of the Movement
1964

December—The beginning. U.S. Berkeley changes its image from the country's most prestigious graduate school to the crucible of student power. Mario Savio and 15,000 others bring US to a grinding halt over free speech issue. Over 700 arrested before administration accedes to student demands.

1965

January—Handwriting on the wall: A black library clerk, Robert Collier, 28, and three others, arrested for conspiring to blow up Statue of Liberty to bring the plight of the black man to the country's attention.

March—Malcolm X gunned down during a speech in an uptown New York ballroom.

—Kansas University Chancellor Clark Wescoe announces "I am encouraged by the awakening of students in recent years" one day after 114 students jailed for a sit-in in his office. Students demanded desegregation moves by university administration.

May—After a months-long investigation costing \$75,000 Beverly Hills attorney Jerome Byrne reports to UC Regents that FSM was not commie inspired, that administration misbehaved badly and students should have more voice. Astonished Regents voted to file report without comment.

August—Berkeley activists block path of troop trains carrying GI's to embarkation points. Police cordons walk before slow moving locomotives to remove protestors lying on rails.

August—Watts: 30 dead, 450 injured, 1800 jailed, \$100 million in damage.

September—During its annual convention in Washington, D.C., the Young Americans for Freedom hails speaker Strom Thurmond as "perhaps the greatest living American."

October—President Johnson shows his gall bladder scar—100,000 war protesters march in cities across country. David Miller burns his draft card in New York before 10,000. Berkeley — 14,000 marchers meet 400 police at Oakland city limits and are stopped by two Hells Angels.

1966

March—Ronald Reagan asks himself if the road from Death Valley leads to Sacramento. Deciding yes, he files for candidacy for governor of California. More rioting in Watts. Many wear shirts proclaiming: "Participant, First Annual Los Angeles Riot."

May—400 anti-war protestors take over U. of Chicago administration building for three days, protesting policy of divulging student grades to draft boards. City College of New York: similar demonstration on same topic. SDS distributes its own draft test outside Selective Service testing centers. (Sample question: How many S. Vietnamese soldiers deserted in 1965?)

July—Rioting in Chicago: two dead, scores injured, 300 arrested, and 4,200 guardsmen tour the West Side. Cleveland, Ohio (Hough district)—four dead, 40 injured, 164 arrested, several hundred thousand dollars damage.

—More riots of less intensity in Brooklyn, N.Y.; Jacksonville, Florida; South Bend, Indiana; and San Francisco's Fillmore district.

August—Racial unrest reported in Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R.I., and the Puerto Rican quarter in Perth Amboy, N.J.

—Making the best of his per diem expenses under government travel regulations, trippy Jerry Rubin appears before House Un-American Committee hearing in Washington, D.C., wearing Revolutionary war uniform and tricorne hat.

September—An endless hot summer continues. In Milwaukee, Wis., Father James Groppi leads Youth Council

demonstrators into sleepy Wauwatosa suburbs to dramatize open housing struggle.

—Ex-actor, rancher, Regan propounds his new theory of intellectual freedom by asking U.C.'s nine campuses to take a budget cut of 31 percent while school age population grows at the rate of 7 new classrooms a day.

October—Columbia University mails out a 28 page booklet to parents of frosh students explaining background of student unrest. Everyone relaxes.

—Newsweek magazine's 25 campus observers report that student demonstrations across the country are on the wane, may be a thing of the past.

December — Happy anniversary: Off-campus Navy recruiters manning an on-campus table at Berkeley stir a new outbreak as upwards of 9,000 students and faculty strike for four days.

1967

February—CIA admits funneling over \$3 million to the National Students Association since 1952, using a web of obscure private foundations as its cover.

March—U.S. Commission on Civil Rights reports that 83 percent of the country's white students attend predominantly white schools. Commission claims that essentially no progress toward integration is being made. Chief consultant to study says U.S. is committing educational genocide on the next generation of black students.

May — Muhammad Ali speaks before 4,000 at U. of Chicago two days after being indicted in Houston, Texas, for refusing induction. His appearance was part of a two day National Day of Inquiry on Vietnam, held on 125 campuses.

June—Summer begins in earnest: rioting in Tampa and St. Petersburg, Fla.; Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio; Boston, Mass., and Prattville, Ala.

July—Escalation: Newark N.J., explodes: 26 dead, 1,200 injured, 1,600 arrested, damage in the millions.

—Fallout unrest in Plainfield, N.J.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Cairo, Ill.; Durham, N.C., and Erie, Penn.

August—a new nadir of violence—Detroit: 41 dead, 2,250 injured, 4,000 jailed, whole sections of the city burned to rubble.

—More fallout: rioting in the Michigan cities of Pontiac, Saginaw, Flint, Grand Rapids, Albion, and Kalamazoo. More trouble in Cambridge, Md.; Rochester, N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Toledo, Ohio; Memphis, Tenn.; Cleveland, Ohio, and Waukegan, Ill.

August—Led by founder Abbie Hoffman, a Yippie contingent invades the visitors gallery of the N.Y. Stock Exchange and throws money at the floor traders, stopping the tape for nearly two minutes.

October—At San Jose State, California, Black Student Union for Action threatens to burn down college's 18,000-seat wooden football stadium if opening game with U. of Texas is not cancelled. The game was indefinitely postponed.

—40,000 anti-war protestors march on the Pentagon and are confronted by 20,000 defenders, including units of the 82nd airborne division, fresh from combat duty in Detroit. In the war room a map of Washington replaces one of Vietnam.

—At the Oakland, California induction center 123 demonstrators (including Joan Baez) are arrested. Helmeted police tear into unprotected demonstrators, flailing away with batons and Mace. Governor Reagan commends police performance as being "within the finest tradition of California law enforcement."

November—At Princeton, an SDS white paper revealing the university's close ties with the Institute for Defense Analysis prompts a confrontation between president and 500 students.

—More protests occur at Michigan, Columbia and U. of Minnesota as student groups examine \$318 million in defense contracts awarded to hundreds of colleges nationally.

—At San Francisco State, members of the Black Students Union beat up the school's newspaper editor for alleged racist editorials. Incident marks the beginning of real violence on nation's campuses.

December—Augustus Owsley Stanley III, the Johnny Appleseed of the Mind, is busted in Orinda, Calif., with 868,000 tabs of acid (retail value \$4.3 million), and 261 grams of STP.

1968

January—S.F. State president John Summerskill says it makes no difference how many presidents are hired and fired, that as long as problems exist, so will campus troubles. College trustees immediately launch investigation of Summerskill for his permissive administration of the college.

February—Rioting in Orangeburg, S.C.: students from predominantly black S.C. State College are thwarted in attempts to integrate a bowling alley. During confrontation, police open fire on crowd after a trooper claimed he was hit by sniper fire. After two days of rioting: 3 students killed, 52 injured. A search revealed students had no weapons. Sniper's bullet turned out to be a block of wood.

March—After 44 days and nights of intensive study (including visits to 8 urban ghettos) the Kerner Commission on Civil Disorders reports that racism, lack of open housing, and exploitation caused riots, not comics. President Johnson declines to comment publicly on the verdict.

—The Yippies appear on the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York, accompanying the Fugs who sing "Kill for Peace." Yippie Jerry Rubin announces plan to nominate a pig at mock convention in Chicago. After confirmation, pig will be eaten. Motto: Better to eat a candiadet than to have him eat you."

—Sen. Eugene McCarthy scores an astonishing 42 percent upset against LBJ in the New Hampshire primary.

—At Boston University, Maurice Gordon, a millionaire donor with extensive property holdings, tactfully withdrew his \$500,000 gift for the University's new nursing school five hours before the dedication ceremony. Reason: BU student groups had prepared a welcoming demonstration to reveal Gordon's ownership of a number of slum dwellings in the Boston ghetto.

—1,200 students at mostly black Howard University in Washington, D.C., take over administration building and switchboard, demanding charges be dropped against 39 undergrads accused of disrupting charter day ceremonies.

—Martin Luther King visits Memphis to lead a one day non-violent march in behalf of striking garbage workers. The day ends in violence: one youth killed by police, hundreds injured or jailed.

—The beginning of the most cataclysmic period in a generation: President Johnson tells 70 million TV viewers he has partially halted the bombing and will not run for reelection.

April 3—Martin Luther King is assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee.

—During the following week, 130 cities are struck by severe racial violence. The aftermath: 39 dead, several thousand injured, 20,000 arrests and \$45 million in damages.

—At Boston University, 125 black students take over administration building for 12 hours until president agrees to more minority recruitment and expanded black studies.

April—At Colgate 500 faculty and students sit in for five days until school officials agree to reform fraternity/sorority discriminatory rushing system.

—Duke University, N.C.: 1,500 students and faculty sit in the quadrangle for five days to force trustees to pay non-academic employees more than \$1.15 per hour. Wages finally boosted to \$1.45.

—Columbia University, N.Y.: Three revolutions in one: A vanguard of 200 militants seize 5 buildings on campus, hold a dean captive for a day, and ransack college president Grayson Kirk's office. Classroom instruction halted. One group of black students (and Harlem non-students) take over Hamilton Hall. SDS leader Mark Rudd, 20, and friends move into Low Library, while graduate students retain Avery and Fayetteweather Halls. President Kirk says amnesty for militants is out of the question.

May — At Northwestern University 60 black students stage a sit-in in campus offices, demanding an all black dormitory, more black teachers and an ethnic studies program. Demands are met after two days.

—Springtime in Paris: Student protests trigger full scale demonstrations. Initial outcome: 1,000 injured, 400 arrested and the Sorbonne is closed down for the second time in 700 years (the first being during Nazi occupation).

—A strike at Columbia University effectively halts class routine. A committee of 70 representatives fails to obtain amnesty from the administration.

—In Boston's Federal Court, William Sloan Coffin, Jr., Michael Ferber, Mitchell Goodman, Marcus Raskin and Benjamin Spock go on trial for conspiracy to counsel draft resistance.

June—Berkeley, California. Over 6,000 students attend a Vietnam commencement in Sproul Plaza in honor of 866 who signed pledges to refuse military service.

—Senator Robert F. Kennedy is assassinated in Los Angeles.

—The battle of Chicago during the Democratic National Convention. A lot of law and no order. Police riots break out in the vicinity of demonstrators whose number never exceeds 10,000. An overkill cornucopia of cops insure orderly functioning of democracy within a police state.

October—U. C. Berkeley. The regents vote to deny credit for students enrolled in an experimental course taught in part by Eldridge Cleaver, a graduate of Watts, San Quentin Penitentiary and the ghetto. Academic Senate votes overwhelmingly to fight ruling.

—Radicals occupy two buildings at U.C.'s Berkeley campus during continued protest over Cleaver issue. Police arrest 122, radicals respond by seizing Moses Hall. 500 cops tear down barricades, arrest 49 inside.

November — Overriding normal disciplinary procedures, S.F. State College trustees order President Smith to fire Black Panther George Murray, a teaching assistant accused of beating school editor last November. Campus erupts, Smith closes campus for a convocation, hoping to avoid violence. Trustees fire Smith, order campus opened, and appoint S. I. Hayakawa, who in turn calls in 600 police. Cops are ordered to remove badges to prevent identification during subsequent campus skirmishes. 125 arrested in three days of unrest.

—Fallout at nearby colleges: hundreds arrested at San Fernando State College; other jailings occurred at Chico State and San Mateo Junior College.

December—San Francisco State closes semester early.

1969

January—S.F. State in general chaos during entire month, occupied by police from several counties.

February — Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. A group of 60 black students take over administration building and switchboard to demand adoption of a black studies curriculum, more black teachers, etc. Administration decides against calling in police. Negotiations eventually end sit-in.

—Berkeley explodes again. After 9 months of getting the run-around, campus BSU and Third World Liberation Front members call for a strike. When pickets block one of several entrances to the campus, Governor Reagan declares a state of extreme public emergency at Berkeley, calls in highway patrol forces (who use a lot of flares) and alerts the National Guard. Several days of wild demonstrations, tear gas attacks, street barricades and scores of arrests.

March—Unrest continues at S. F. State and Berkeley as Governor Reagan assails student dissidents.

—Federal government advises Antioch College (Yellow Springs, Ohio) that its plan for an autonomous black studies college and all-black dormitories are in violation of the Civil Rights Act. Similar notification letters to other institutions are expected.

The Nice

Ars Longa Vita Brevis

Newton's first law of motion states a body will remain at rest or continue with uniform motion in a straight line unless acted upon by force.

This time the force happened to come from a European source. Ours is an extension of the original Allegro from Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.

Yesterday I met someone who changed my life, today we put down a sound that made our aim accurate. Tomorrow is yesterday's story, and art will still be there, even if life terminates.

Keith Emerson, The Nice

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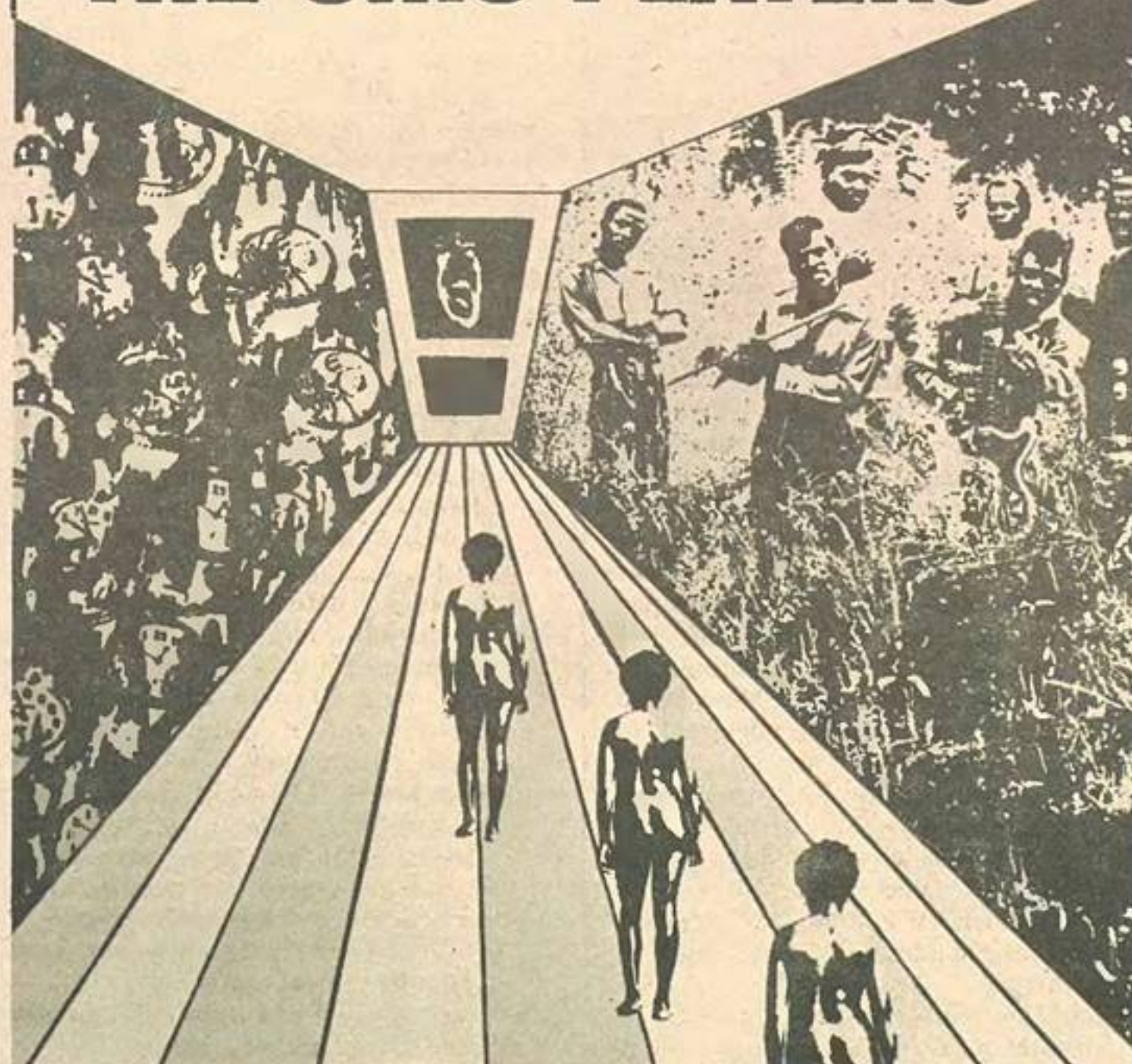


Eddie Harris, who has done more for the electronic concept in jazz than any other musician, goes one step farther on this LP. Here Harris is armed with a "plexitone" sax which enables him to play duets and even trio sounds by himself. "Silver Cycles" features the saxist in a variety of settings that range from psychedelic to African. Outstanding sides include *Smoke Signals*, *Silver Cycles*, *Free At Last* and *1974 Blues*.



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ST-192





PERSPECTIVES: IS THERE A DEATH WISH IN U.S.?

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

So what's next? Even McCarthy, even Clean Gene, really didn't deal with what we all saw happen in Chicago. And Jerry Rubin carrying a plastic gun to HUAC is just as silly as appearing there in a Revolutionary War army uniform [he didn't even know who Paul Revere and the Raiders were].

Humphrey spoke in San Francisco and I saw a picture of Steve Weisman being arrested. Weisman was one of the leaders of the FSM at Berkeley, a brilliant tactician and a marvelous speaker. But what can be more symbolic of all the depth of the frustration than to be arrested protesting a Humphrey rally? Such dedication deserves a better incident, if not a better cause.

Is there a death wish in America? Is it true, as it seems to be true the deeper you go into it, that there is, somewhere inside the human organism, a desire to self-destruct that cannot be altered? Is it really true that it must all be done wrong, in basic evil, by people who insist on never knowing what really happened and base hard actions on hallucinations? As the Viet Nam War has been based?

Has all of history been like this? Must it always be thus? Must we be asked to storm the beaches in a frontal assault even though more people get killed that way? We did in World War II. Must we always make the decision that it is better to have more tanks that are less safe and win with abundance than to redesign the tank for safety? We made that decision in World War II and it's documented in the U.S. Army official History, Department of Ordnance.

There were never any riots on the Berkeley campus, yet even Paul Goodman acquiesced in the concept that there were [as well as calling Deans and Regents by their first names, and FSM leaders by their last and saying "you people" to the students].

Millions now believe that the cops were provoked beyond reason in Chicago, that professional agitators took over Berkeley streets, and blah and blah and blah.

What made Wallace so attractive to labor unions [to labor unions! Shades of Woody Guthrie], as well as to middle class citizens everywhere? He stood for specific things and he made them feel the issues could be dealt with. He spoke to the mythology in their blood, handed down from their parents and reinforced by TV and the flicks. The Great Scriptwriter in the Sky can control the action.

So the cops are not just knocking in the heads of blacks and Latins and Indians and minorities now, they are clubbing their own children. What is next? How can it be stopped? Is there, really, anything to do?

Jimi Hendrix plays the "Star Spangled Banner" as the introduction to "Purple Haze." He does not do it as Jose Feliciano sang it at the World Series. He does it screwing the guitar and it is, I submit, a revolutionary act surely as important as getting arrested at a Humbert Humbert rally.

Make no mistake, The System runs like a computer and ran like one before the computer was invented. It will automatically co-opt whatever it can. Big Brother and the Holding Co. and Janis Joplin play for money now. When they played a "benefit" for the Matrix, a tiny club where they worked in the early days, they asked for and got 1% of the club. And they got their 60% when they played at the Carousel, even though it was operated by the last stand of the hippies. The System will buy everything it can. It always has.

The hippies presented no program for the New Life, they say. And when asked for his program for social justice, Joe MacDonald of Country Joe and the Fish said "Free music in the park."

Deal with that!! Do not dismiss it, saying the billy-club is the answer to poetry. No, it is not. When I hear the word culture I reach for my gun. Oh yeah?

Politics has failed. My God if we need more proof of that than any hour of the evening news on TV, we are blind.

No, the hippies and the Beatles and the Pop musicians present no Program for Improvement of the Society. What they do is to present a program for improvement of the young people of the world. You can't change the society until you reach a state of grace and, as poet Jerry Greenberg asked, "What is the capitol of the state of grace?"

You say the killing in Viet Nam is murder? I agree. Who is guilty when the demonstrator gets killed? As he will, as he will.

The political radicals have the right enemies, they have courage and, some of them, they even have a program for Improvement of the Society which makes a kind of sense.

But they all have the old approach. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs. True, man, true. But you better figure out how to make a revolution without killing people or it won't work. We've had all that. We really have.

Nothing I have read by the SDS and the rest is as relevant as Allen Ginsberg's poems. None of it says as much to me as Bob Dylan and none of it inspires like the simple thing of the Beatles singing "Hey Jude" on TV.

Religion may very well have been the opiate of the people and we may not need religion again in this world. But we need hard politics less. Automation, technology, communication and the rest have made a world in which neither Richard Daley, Lyndon Johnson nor Chairman Mao has the real answer.

It's all very well to talk about dying on your feet being better than living on your knees. Just don't ask me to do it. I'd rather be red than dead and I would also rather be alive than inside. The Beatles aren't just more popular than Jesus, they are also more potent than the SDS.

What do you think Dylan is doing up there in Woodstock? Counting his money? You don't resign from being an artist. Not until you're dead. No. He and the Beatles started something which is beyond politics, past the programs of the planners and out there in McLuhanland changing the heads of the world.

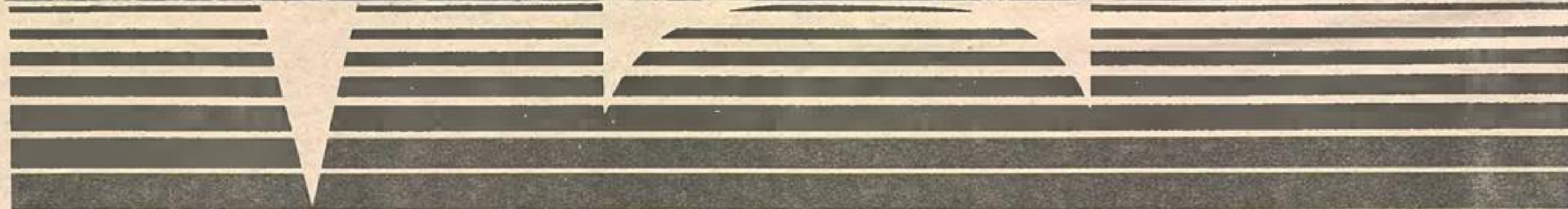
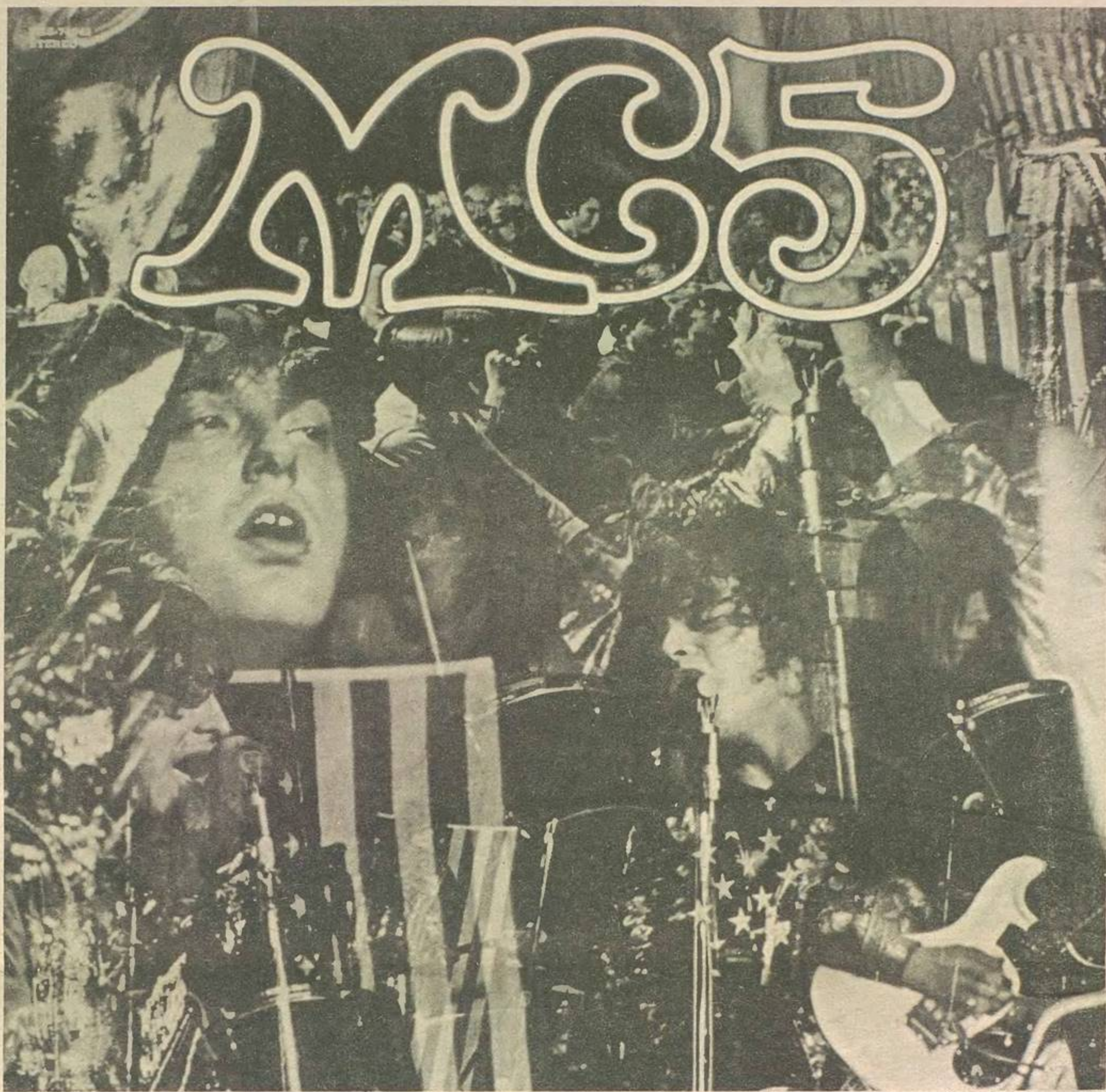
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MICHAEL BOSSMAN

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